

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE WATCHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood ;  
On the torn turf, on grass and wood  
Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the slain,  
But all the air was quick with pain  
And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head  
And folded wings and noiseless tread,  
Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland  
And lips of blessing, not command,  
Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and knit,  
His restless eyes were watchfires lit,  
His hands for battle-gauntlets fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of Peace—  
"Is there no respite?—no release?—  
When shall the hopeless quarrel cease?"

"O Lord, how long!—One human soul  
Is more than any parchment scroll  
Or any flag the winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?  
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?  
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?"

"O brother! if thine eye can see,  
Tell how and when the end shall be,  
What hope remains for thee or me?"

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun  
No strife nor pang beneath the sun  
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,  
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,  
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,  
Through Jersey snows the march I led,  
My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and night,  
I watch a vague and aimless fight  
For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:  
One guards through love his ghastly throne,  
And one through fear to reverence grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, betrayed  
By open foes or those afraid  
To speed thy coming through my aid?"

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—  
I shake the dust against them all;  
I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer wait;  
The doom is near, the stake is great;  
God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way prepare  
Where I with folded wings of prayer  
May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice replied,  
"Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,  
In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,  
An upward gleam of lessening white,  
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell,  
Rung down the listening sky to tell  
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod  
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,  
But all is possible with God!"

—Independent.

## THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY FRANK G. WILLIAMS,

*Of Company G, Stuart's Engineer Regiment.*

ALAS! the weary hours pass slow,  
The night is very dark and still,  
And in the marshes far below,  
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will;  
I scarce can see a yard ahead,  
My ears are strained to catch each sound—  
I hear the leaves about me shed,  
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,  
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;\*  
In formless shrubs I seem to trace  
The foe's form, with bending back;  
I think I see him crouching low—  
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,  
Until the neighboring hillocks grow  
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,  
Until my eyes familiar grown,  
Detect each harmless earthen notch,  
And turn guerillas into stone:  
And then amid the lonely gloom,  
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,  
My silent marches I resume,  
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry,  
It rings along the watchful line;  
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—  
"Advance, and give the countersign;"  
With bayonet at the charge I wait—  
The corporal gives the mystic word;  
With arms afoot I charge my mate,  
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake,  
I ask, if in the fray I fall,  
Can I the mystic answer make  
When the angelic sentries call?  
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,  
Where'er I go, what fate be mine,  
Whether in pleasure or in pain,  
I still may have the Countersign.

—Philad. Press.

\* White rags are frequently scattered along the sentinel's post, of a dark night, to mark his beat.

From The Quarterly Review.

*Memoir, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville, Translated from the French by the Translator of Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph.* London. 1861.

In the winter of 1858-9, there were residing in one salubrious spot on the shores of the Mediterranean, three remarkable representatives of the intelligence of the great nations of Europe. There was Lord Brougham, the chief citizen and host of the pleasant town of Cannes, and the two visitors seeking for renewed health under that genial sky were Baron de Bunsen and Alexis de Tocqueville. Of these, our countryman alone retains his vitality of thought and action in a wonderful old age. Ere many months had gone by, the abundant heart and unsatiated spirit of the German scholar and diplomatist whom he knew so well, and, amid many differences, so justly esteemed, had ceased to beat and to aspire. A few weeks of struggle and of suffering were sufficient to exhaust what yet remained of the physical energies of the French philosopher and statesman, who, of all his notable contemporaries, perhaps best deserves the interest and admiration of Englishmen. It is to this aspect of the character of M. de Tocqueville that we would mainly direct the attention of our readers, deriving from the work of M. de Beaumont and other accessible materials whatever may seem conducive to this object.

A word as to M. de Beaumont's original work: it consists of a short memoir, of three fragments of travels, of two chapters of the unfinished second volume of the "*Ancien Régime et la Révolution*," and of selected letters. To these the translator has added Mr. John Mills' accurate version of a remarkable article in the *London and Westminster Review* on "France before the Revolution," which may be regarded as the foundation of the later edifice—many letters and parts of letters omitted by M. de Beaumont, either as uninteresting to French readers in their references to English politics or as touching too immediately on the present condition of affairs in France—and several reports of conversations between M. de Tocqueville and Mr. Senior. It is now no secret that the ex-Master in Chancery has taken advantage of the many opportunities he has had of intimate acquaintance with French statesmen

and men of letters, to record the most interesting and definite portions of what has fallen from them in the social interchange of thoughts and feelings. In this there has been no breach of confidence, for the dialogues have in most cases been submitted to the criticisms and corrections of the interlocutors, who have gladly availed themselves of an occasion through which they might offer to the world, in a form of autobiography, the frank vindication of past events, and an open expression, otherwise denied to them, of present opinions. Such a facility of communication is no doubt peculiar to a nation which loves, and knows how to talk, and Mr. Senior might wait long before an English minister, even in obscurity or disgrace, would thus reveal himself to his best-trusted companion; but the documents themselves are none the less valuable, and when varied, as are the conversations before us, with much wisdom and pleasantry on social and historical topics, they afford an illustration of character hardly equalled in importance by the most familiar correspondence. The translation itself, at once faithful and free, is the last act of a long friendship, and betokens a true womanly insight into the spirit of the writer, which no mere scholarship could supply, but which this book especially demands, for it is the story not of a Life, but of a Mind.

There is, indeed, an entire disproportion between the circumstances of this existence and the void occasioned by its loss. Of gentle but not illustrious birth, of independent but moderate means, a traveller in countries already well known, the author of one completed work and one other commenced, an interesting but not effective speaker during some years of indefinite parliamentary opposition to a government which he generally approved, and a minister for some months of a Republic that he neither assisted nor desired to establish, M. de Tocqueville passes away in the meridian of life, and the event is regarded not only as a national disaster, but as a calamity to the dearest interests of mankind. His name is held up to reverence and his character to admiration, not only by the friends whom his personal fascination and delightful qualities had won and retained, or by the small band of comrades who had shared his doctrines and his fortunes, but by statesmen, whose principles he had con-

demned, by philosophers, whose authority he had disputed, and by priests, in whose religion he but coldly acquiesced.

We believe the main cause of this result is to be found in the singular unity of purpose which pervaded his whole moral and intellectual being. If a clear and lofty theory of life, to which a man can adapt his duties and his actions, is a comfort and a strength to any one in his march through the world, it is no less desirable for a thinker to possess an object of mental contemplation, around which new experiences and fresh inferences can continually cluster, which will grow with his knowledge and expand with his observation, and which, without disturbing his judgment, may fill him with the powers of a prophet and the ardor of an apostle. Such was to M. de Tocqueville the consciousness of the facts and influences of Democracy in the present and future generations of civilized Man, and the effect of this permanent study, discreetly used and sanely regulated, stood out in strange contrast to the diffuse fancies and distracted notions of the political sciolists of our age. France had abounded in men who had been mastered by ideas, but the spectacle was new of a mind replete with a great thought yet entirely free from any concomitant delusion,—at once passionately absorbed and absolutely judicial,—without prejudice either on one side from partiality or on another from fear of its imputation,—laboring for the strictest evidence of truths instinctively apprehended, and seeking for every corroboration of certainties already known.

The phenomenon was all the more surprising, because there was nothing in the early life and associations of De Tocqueville by which this strong impression could naturally have been induced. Although his youth had not, like that of M. Guizot, been impressed with the terrors of flight in the light of burning châteaux, still it was passed amidst the near remembrances of the atrocities and passions of the Revolution. He well knew how, six months after the union of his own house with that of the Lamoignons, his parents had been cast into the Conciergerie, and had only escaped death by the fall of Robespierre. His childhood had listened to the anecdotes of his grandsire, M. de Malesherbes, the veteran of liberty, who died in defence of the sovereign who

had banished him from his presence, and whose scaffold, including three generations of victims, touched the hardened conscience of a sanguinary mob, so that no more executions could be ventured upon in that place. Such reflections were assuredly not favorable to an appreciation of freedom or to the perception of political truth; but even these tragic phantoms were less hostile to the development of liberal ideas than the condition into which good society in France had fallen after the violent tension and anxiety of recent years. Hopeless of escape from evil government, men only tried to put it out of sight as much as possible, and pleasure, so long foregone, became the sole occupation of existence. *Seria tudo* was the motto of the wisest and the best: among the most refined of the upper classes the art of conversation was the main criterion of superiority; and the highest faculties found their exercise in private theatricals, family mystifications, and every kind of elaborate amusement. Then the tact and beauty of Madame Récamier sufficed to rule over Parisian life; then no one asked for poetry deeper than Delille's, or for piety more earnest than that of Chateaubriand. In this atmosphere, and with no graver education, grew up young Clérel de Tocqueville. He was free from care as to his future destination, for his father had purchased him a magistracy, according to the customs of the profession, in which his natural acuteness, and still more his judicial turn of mind, would in the ordinary course of events elevate him to the highest dignities of the bench, with no exclusive sacrifice of his tastes or time. If he desired to attain greater wealth or higher social position, few alliances would be inaccessible to a descendant of M. de Malesherbes, endowed with rare natural graces and the most amiable temper. His days might glide by in the domestic enjoyments that so well suited his affectionate and unselfish disposition, and in the performance of interesting duties which he would discharge with ease and satisfaction under a form of procedure where much more depends upon the good sense and equitable disposition of the judge than on technical knowledge or the formalities of law.

But this was not to be: while yet a boy he said to M. de Beaumont, his friend through life, and now his biographer, "Il n'y a à dire: c'est l'homme politique qu'il faut faire en



nous," and what he meant by this is exhibited by his whole existence. By the dissolution of the empire, other politics than administration or intrigue had become possible in France; and the experience of some years of profound peace had shown that constitutional institutions were capable of generating the practice and habits of liberty among a people who had lost even a desire to possess it. The organization which had brought order out of the social chaos of the Consulate, and which Napoleon had so long and so successfully adopted to raise himself and level all about him, had produced a nation incapable of acting or thinking, or even wishing for themselves; and yet, by the time when Tocqueville rose to manhood, France was fully engaged in the problem of free government,—earnestly interested in the play of the new machine,—duly suspicious of monarchical or of democratic encroachment,—conscious that on the issue of this experiment depended the question whether the future of the French people was to be a secure and wholesome progress to the highest civilization or a series of incoherent efforts and reactions, of panics and submissions, of extravagant hopes and ignoble deepairs. If these days had not all the exciting ideals and enchanting delusions of those of 1789, of which M. de Talleyrand used to speak as the only ones he had ever known worth living, at any rate, they afforded ample materials for the observation of a young and fervid mind. In De Tocqueville the fabric rose with the incidents of every hour, with the last speech, the new book, the newspaper article, the libel, the prosecution, the verdict, the changes of ministers, the menaces of angry authority, and the counter-threats of popular resistance. Besides these a certain instinct directed his reflective powers to the old enemy, and in one sense the conqueror, of his country, with feelings of more interest than perhaps he liked to own. If the government of France was to rest on representative principles, where could she look for example, for warning, for contrast, for comparison, for illustration, but to England? Thus the very first letter in this correspondence, written at nineteen, contains a project for an adventure to spend "incognito" two days in London, "to see those rascally English, who, we are told, are so strong and flourishing;" just as, eighteen years afterwards, he tells the same

friend that he finds an attraction even in the history of Smollett, "the poorest writer the world has produced," and derives a certain satisfaction from the reflection "how many great deeds were compatible with so much individual meanness and so much public vice." And thus, too, on to the latest work and to the last moments of his life, there ever seemed to stand before his imagination two great moral figures sufficient to occupy his entire being, ever correlative, continually intermingled: the one, France, her revolution and its consequences; the other, England, her constitutional liberty and its gigantic democratic development in the United States of America.

The worth of this direction given to his early mind can hardly be overrated. That with his ardor for the happiness of humanity, and his devotion to social problems, he should have abstained from all that range of speculation which has been the sole sustenance of German thought in its long political famine, and with which French idealists in all critical times have filled themselves to bursting, is certainly remarkable.

But there was an ethical basis which underlay the whole of his political system, and which as an expositor of past and present history, he constantly asserted, and in his own practice of statesmanship, with one exception, unswervingly maintained. This principle may be defined as the application, in its fullest sense, of the doctrine of Free Will to the communities of mankind. Liberty, with its duties and responsibilities, seemed to him the necessity of all civil society worth the name, apart from and above all consequences, right or wrong, good or evil. A man or a nation may indeed live without freedom, the slave may be happier than the citizen, and the patriarchal rule more beneficent than the capricious democracy; but such he did not conceive to be the normal condition of the creatures whom God has placed on the earth, endowed with conscience and with reason. Laws, as the expression of that conscience, and Order, as the result of that reason, must be the highest objects of human study and mortal attainment; but, if either the one or the other depend solely on external authority, they can hardly occupy the attention or claim the interest of a true politician. Just as the value of education consists in the thing

learnt, in the powers developed, in the knowledge assimilated, in the man made, so he considered the art of government to consist in enabling society to understand itself, to submit to its own obligations, to regulate its own affairs, and to work out its own destiny. Only on these conditions did De Tocqueville accept either political science or political action. Of the sentiment of freedom he would attempt no analysis to those who had it not; in his own proud words, "It enters into the large hearts God has prepared to receive it; it fills them, it enraptures them; but to the meaner minds, which have never felt it, it is past finding out." Thus it would have been distasteful to him to exercise power for its own sake, and little satisfaction to play the part of Providence even to the advantage of his fellow-men; but he was ambitious to assist, eager to co-operate, and ready at any personal sacrifice to encourage others to produce the greatest possible good for themselves. Thus, while it was his work and delight to trace the wondrous scheme by which the free agency of man was made the instrument of his elevation, he would no more have thought of cramping the moral or physical phenomena that rose before his observation within his own theory, or of submitting them to his own notions, than he would have subjected the popular will to the schemes and machinations of a despot.

Each History assumed for him the character of a Biography, and his interest in it was exactly proportioned to the amount of individuality and the variety of faculty it displayed. The mere adventures of a nation, however exciting or surprising, were to him but as the reading of a child, compared with the absorbing study of the exhibition of passions and of the operations of intellect. He had an indulgence, almost a respect, for passions which he himself never felt; loving, as he said, "those that are good, and not quite sure that he hated the bad," for they showed a strength which irresistibly attracted him amid the doubt and languor of modern times. He was ready to recognize the importance of intellectual processes, for which he himself had no inclination. Voltaire, he remarks, might call metaphysics "the romance of the mind;" but he felt that they penetrated, by means of religious doctrine and moral speculation, into the na-

tional character, and both originated and decided many of the most serious movements in the progress of the world. It was the same with the classical writers, in which his education had been imperfect, but in whose records of ancient civilization he took as much interest as if he had been a critical scholar. So, too, with the characteristic talents and forms of genius in other men, which he delighted to examine and appreciate all the more for their dissimilitude to his own: of which there could not be a stronger instance than in his desire faithfully to delineate the personality of Napoleon, which he maintained that M. Thiers had entirely misapprehended.

By this theory and practice of the principles of liberty De Tocqueville was well insured against fanciful or dogmatic conclusions as to modes of government or conditions of society; but it demanded the singular subtlety of his mind and the justice of his apprehensions to follow out as he has done not only the dangers and difficulties of freedom in communities reputed the most free, but also the presence and indirect influences of personal independence in states professedly arbitrary and despotic. But he looked for the springs and sources of politics not only in the physical phenomena of different countries, not only in the requirements of the material interests and sensual comforts of peoples, but in those manifestations of feeling and desire which we comprehend under the name of Manners. Under such an analysis the old definitions of Governments positively disappear; the particles, so to say, that we had looked upon as the most antagonistic are found together in solution, or act on one another so as to produce the most unexpected results. Thus it is shown that it was the centralization of the old monarchy in France which mainly led to its destruction, while in the United States the weakness of the Federal Government is proved to be tending to the dissolution of the Union. Thus is traced the growth of social equality in France, in opposition to every law and every institution; and thus is examined the problem of an aristocracy of intellect and wealth in North America gradually separating itself from the troublesome duties of public life and leaving the destinies of the nation in the hands of the masses, without temperate and foreseeing

leaders. Thus M. de Tocqueville, amid the anger of the Assembly, anticipated the revolution of 1848 as about to burst forth, not from any love of license or popular passion, but from the worse influence of false ideas and erroneous political economy. And thus, in 1849, he quitted official life with so clear a prognostication of the coming Empire, that he hardly expected a *coup d'état* as the instrument of a design which the panic of the nation at itself and its own acts had already made secure.

Regarding, then, the sources of political action as so deep and various, De Tocqueville seems to have acknowledged the element of democracy in modern societies as the inevitable historical consequence of the progress of mankind; and when M. de Kergorlay and other friends were ready to admit the power as too painfully manifest, but at the same time assumed it to be nothing more than a disease to be checked or a danger to be averted, they shocked his moral convictions quite as much as his political creed. Had the lot of De Tocqueville been cast in Austria or in Russia, he would probably have been content to limit the exercise of his faculties and the sphere of his happiness to domestic affections and the occupations of literature; and while he would not have interfered with the police, and hardly with the administration of affairs, he would never have been a conspirator or a disturber of society. As a citizen however of a state calling itself free, it was essentially repulsive to him to use his own freedom to restrain the desires of other men any further than was needed to ensure the liberty and security of all. He accepted the mediæval distinction of liberty as a privilege, but it was as a privilege which every man might, and indeed ought, to win and to enjoy. He did not shrink from the revolutionary definition of Liberty as a universal right, but it was that he held it to be, as he eloquently describes the right of Life itself, not an object either of pleasure or of pain, but a serious charge which the lowliest, as the highest, is bound to sustain to the last with honor. Besides this, there pervades all De Tocqueville's writings an earnest sense of the moral government of the world by a superior Will directing the inclinations of mankind. The same mental temper which made all despotism odious to him rendered him distrustful

of any treatment of history which professed to be purely scientific. With as absolute an assertion of the worthlessness of any moral agencies that do not spring from or correspond with the laws of human nature as Mr. Buckle himself could pronounce, he continually comments on the inability of our reason, at the best, to do more than register the great phenomena as they unfold themselves, and the imperfection of the most acute deduction when compared with the experience of one life of ordinary duration. He forcibly represents this feeling in a late letter, where he adverts to the clearness with which we now perceive that the French Revolution grew out of the evils and discrepancies of the old *régime*, the Empire out of the excesses and follies of the Revolution, the Restoration out of the violences of the Empire, the Revolution of 1830 out of the inconsistencies of the Restoration, the Republic out of the defects of the representative Monarchy, and the Empire again out of the wild hopes and still wilder fears that the Republic engendered; yet all this with how little result in illustrating or pointing out what is now to come! If he had lived a little longer, what an example of the fallacy of man's profoundest thoughts and acutest inferences would he himself have mournfully acknowledged in the unnatural and incredible convulsions of the United States of America!

De Tocqueville might well ask those who accused him of fanciful or extravagant opinions—and there were some such among his closest friends—what was there beyond the presence of imperative facts and the duty of interpreting for the best the obvious designs of Providence, which could induce *him* to show respect to democracy? He had not the robust frame and superabundant activity which give even to gentle natures a delight in popular tumult and infectious excitement, nor had he that half-sensual, half-imaginative temperament, so frequent among his countrymen, which reconciles a taste for license with pure and generous aims. Whatever might be his views on that unpractical speculation, the ultimate destiny of the human race, he regarded with open contempt all “phalansterian” and similar projects for the immediate or rapid perfectibility of mankind; and while he saw the democratic spirit to be compatible with mental

depression and torpid monotony of life in small communities such as the Russian village, he knew it, in the masses of large cities, to be ever tending towards the repression of original thought and a lower standard of intelligence and morality. His own refined and delicate appreciation of imperfection and rudeness, whether in manners, in literature, or in speech, made the intercourse of ordinary persons distasteful to him, and gave a consciousness of effort to his every public appearance and contact with the vulgar majority. And above all, he had an abiding sense of reverence which was an impassable bar between him and the chief advocates of liberalism, not only in France, but throughout Europe. It requires to read these letters to feel how heavily the alienation, on the one hand, of the friends of freedom from the religious sentiment, and the formal alliance between despotism and piety on the other, pressed upon a mind that loved to trace the same hand in the undeviating orbits of the planets as in those revolutions of society which advance for centuries through a thousand obstacles, and which are still proceeding in the midst of the ruins they themselves have made. It was hard enough, he thought, for the politician of our times to have to reconcile equality with liberty, without the necessity of identifying the freedom of Man with the negation of God.

Yet it may be that the main zest of the character of De Tocqueville lies in this very contradiction, and herein also the secret of his fame. Now that he is gone to rest, and that we have here before us the chronicle of his thoughts and motives, from youth to death, as he showed them to friends in a country where friendship is the custom of society and the solace of existence, we can estimate the constancy of the striver and the nobility of the strife. While the politics of other men are the reflex of their natural dispositions, their inclinations, or their interests, De Tocqueville was always dealing with truths wherein he saw quite as much to repel as to please, and arriving at results more often suggestive of defeat than of victory to the principles he served. Interests in the ordinary sense of the word he could hardly be said to admit into his theory of life. Conscious of his own worth, sensitive to the gratifications of praise, ambitious enough to make any personal sacrifice for

the extension of his useful influence or for the honorable connection of his name with the history of his country, he never seems for a moment to have considered his own career as a prime object, or to have let the hopes or fears concerning it weigh with him a grain in comparison with the idea to be realized or the thing to be done. He knew himself to be placed in an age and among a people when and where it became a wise man to be prepared for every eventuality, and in face of such catastrophes as made the consideration of his personal comfort and importance thoroughly insignificant. One only personal feeling appears prominently in these pages—sadness at the inadequacy of his physical powers to sustain him through all he desires to accomplish, and the prescience of the shortness of the time that would be allotted to him. "I cannot help thinking," he writes, "that Providence, who has already bestowed on me so many keenly felt and elevated enjoyments, does not intend my life to be long: I am not strong enough to bear incessant work, yet inactivity kills me." In another letter: "I own that in one respect my future is clouded; I cannot reckon on the first condition of success, which is life." Once more, after a course of severe study: "Still to benefit by all this knowledge one must live." If he had been left to fight alone against despondency and disease, that conflict would have ended still sooner. "Of all the blessings which God has given me," he says, "the greatest is to have lighted on Marie; she watches over me without my knowing it." So again: "I think I should have died if Marie had not watched over me, mind and body." Happy the recollection for her who still remains on earth that "she could soften, calm, and strengthen him in the difficulties which disturbed him, but left her serene;" that without her even his magnanimous spirit might have sunk yet sooner under the afflictions of his country, which he bore as his own, and that her heart was with him in those latter years of social isolation when he felt himself shut out of the intellectual commonwealth of his age and nation, the hermit and the martyr of liberty. It is pleasant also to remember that this lady is a countrywoman of our own, whom De Tocqueville first met at Versailles in his early practice of the law, and married soon after



his return from America. An English alliance was not likely to be very agreeable to his family, but to himself it seems to have been perfectly natural, and hardly to have been regarded as a foreign connection: he would speak of it in relation to the customary *mariages de convenance*—"Moi j'ai fait un mariage d'amour et sacré! ça m'a bien réussi."

No circumstance could be more propitious to the rapid expansion of the intelligence of De Tocqueville within the range of his most cherished ideas than the mission confided to him and his friend Gustave de Beaumont by the French Government shortly after the Revolution of July. The object was the investigation of the system of prison-discipline, in which the Americans had acquired a just reputation by having been the first nation to adopt the Reformatory principle, which is still making its way in this country and in Continental Europe where the Vindictive has hitherto reigned supreme. This inquiry brought him not only into immediate contact with the public men and the philanthropists of the United States, but naturally led him to study the social condition of the people in connection with the circumstances of the criminal population. He had left his own country fresh from an outburst of physical force that had substituted a government founded on the popular will for one that had vainly attempted to revive historical *prestige*, and had failed to combine extreme monarchical authority with representative institutions. His sympathies were with the cause of legitimacy, but his reason was with the new dynasty; and he eagerly looked out for anything that could reconcile the democratic movement, which he believed to be now inevitable, with the physical and moral prosperity of France. When, therefore, he found a Republic where the law was generally respected, where religion was not contemned, where the education of the bulk of the people was the recognized obligation of the State, and where the progress of mankind was the professed aim of all institutions, he balanced these advantages against the perpetual change, the extreme external equality, the undistinguished manners, and the common level of thought. With the image ever before him of a people whose ancient customs were obliterated, whose religious belief was disturbed, whose public morality

was enfeebled, while knowledge was still scantily diffused and the civil functions of the community defined within the narrowest limits, he readily accepted that patriotism which was founded on a union of public with private interests, and gratefully welcomed a system of moral and political rights dependent on the general sense of personal advantage. Poet and knight as he was in his heart and aspirations, he submitted to the only conditions of peace, prosperity, and virtue which he believed yet possible for France, and, without a selfish sentiment in his nature, proclaimed himself a sincere utilitarian. Read in this spirit, in which it was conceived, "Democracy in America" is no cold or abstract treatise, but the vivid representation of a patriotic mind, and abounds in suggestive interest when collated with the subsequent course of events in France. There is, indeed, another train of thought which may well induce any one who meditates on the changes and chances of human affairs to take down these volumes from the shelf once more.

In the chapter on the dangers that menace the American Union will be found the most interesting prognostics of actual occurrences—the fear that the rapid and disproportionate increase of certain States will injure the independence of others—the deep-seated uneasiness and ill-defined agitation of the South, which feels its comparative strength gradually diminishing, and that of the North and West becoming preponderant—the constant envy and suspicion manifesting itself in the interpretation given to every act of the Legislature that is not unequivocally favorable to Southern interests—the belief of the Southern States that they are impoverished because their wealth does not augment as rapidly as that of their neighbors, and that their power is lapsing from them because other cognate peoples, by better industry and freer labor, are bringing the wilderness into subjection, and covering the seas with their merchandise—all these motives are portrayed and analyzed, regretted and reprovéd. But neither from what is written there nor in his correspondence can it be predicated that De Tocqueville anticipated America's present calamity. He would not have believed that the people which had clearly recognized the defects of their first sectarian polity, and, after a patient investigation of two whole



years had adopted the Federal constitution which raised their country to the rank of the first nations of the globe and produced so very large an amount of material prosperity and moral contentment, could wantonly compass the destruction of that constitution. He explains, indeed, that the loyalty of the inhabitants is primarily given to the separate State, and that the love and the habits of republican government had been engendered in the townships and in the provincial assemblies; but he adds, that every citizen transfused his attachment to his little republic into the common store of American patriotism, "and regards the Union as his own personal protection, no less than as his national pride." He observes also, that as the sovereignty of the Union was limited and incomplete, its exercise was not incompatible with liberty, and that it does not excite any of those insatiable desires of fame and power which have proved so fatal to great republics; while at the same time it has an advantage over all other federal constitutions in the sagacious provision, that it should not only dictate the general law, but that it should execute its own enactments. Only in one letter, in answer to some reclamations of Mr. Senior against the insolence of the United States, does he contemplate the possibility of dismemberment, "which," he writes, "I cannot desire: such an event would inflict a great wound on the whole human race; for it would introduce war into a great continent from whence it has been banished for more than a century. The breaking up of the American Union will be a solemn moment in the history of the world: I never met an American who did not feel this; and I believe that it will not be rashly or easily undertaken."

We are grateful to M. de Beaumont for having added to Tocqueville's published experiences of America the pieces that illustrate his more meditative moods and his appreciations of new manners and external nature. The one describes an incident as pathetic as "Paul et Virginie;" the other, a visit to the farthest reach of civilization, on the frontiers of the state of Michigan. The latter, though of some length, had been kept back from the amiable motive, that it might interfere with the impression of his friend's novel of "Marie;" but De Tocqueville often referred to its incidents in conver-

sation, especially to the delighted wonder with which he heard a Canadian Indian, who was sculling him, in the late evening, over a river to the village of Sagenaw, sing, in an undertone, to an old French tune—

"Entre Paris et St. Denis  
Il était une fille," etc.

There could, in truth, be no contrast more vivid to a well-informed and susceptible Frenchman than that presented by the isolated fragment of the ancient life of his country still lingering in the New World amid the giant growths of a young civilization. When he caught words and phrases familiar in classic writings, but lost to familiar speech, when he heard some Canadian nuns speak of "notre bon père George Quatre," as the ladies of St. Cyr might have done of Louis Quatorze, he must have had still stronger faith in the position which he so often attributed to his own existence, as standing between the plaintive murmurs of the dying past and the undistinguishable tumult of the advancing time.

Where the incidents of a life are given in letters, the materials will often fail at the very periods which in themselves are most interesting and most important in their bearing upon character and fame. Not only at such times are men necessarily more reserved in their communications even with their most intimate friends, but the present is fully occupied, and the mind, seldom turning back upon itself, only asks for the sympathy of others in reference to the immediate objects which they can promote, or to casual interests with which they are concerned. This deficiency in the correspondence of De Tocqueville is imperfectly supplied by the prefatory memoir. The history of his public life, both as a representative and as a minister, remains to be written. The animated conversations with Mr. Senior which embellish this translation partially fill up the picture of his conduct and position as a member of the Republican Assemblies and during his short administration of Foreign Affairs. But the part he took from 1839 to 1848 remains buried in the columns of the *Moniteur*, and in the memories of the small body of adherents who, by their talents and consistency, occupied so prominent a place in the parliamentary annals of their country. The duty of producing an annotated edition of De Tocqueville's speeches and reports rests

with one of these, but we well appreciate the motives which, at the present moment, check all revelations of the contests and differences of the "old parties" in the constitutional field. The recriminations of exile have added too often to the bitterness of destiny to make one desire that those details of the moral and intellectual combats of opposite temperaments, of diverse opinions, and rival ambitions which formed the history of a free people, should now be exposed to the obloquy and misrepresentation of the successful power that has trampled out their life. Therefore we welcome the pathetic tone of M. Guizot's "Address" to the Père Lacordaire on the occasion of his assuming De Tocqueville's seat at the Academy, and the retrospective sadness of his interrogatory, "Why were he and De Tocqueville so long politically apart, why had their mental energies been so often spent in profitless controversy, why had they not been comrades in the great battle of reasonable liberty against their common enemy, a popular or imperial despotism?" We would not arouse these painful recollections of the past, but we would desire in a few words to vindicate De Tocqueville from the charge which some of his best friends seem inclined to admit, that he resisted the government of Louis Philippe either from motives of personal partisanship or because he had set up a fastidious standard of perfection.

That personal feelings, and even animosities, may have entered into or grown up in the course of this opposition is very possible, but it was not in his nature to make them the mainsprings of his conduct. It is not too much to say that, irrespective of all individuals, he had grounds for distrust in what was then the political constitution of France, which would easily have disinclined him from joining a government that was prepared to refuse all organic reform. With a clear perception of the perils of a democratic suffrage, he could not look on the *pays légal* of some two hundred thousand electors for the whole of France as either a safe or just basis of authority. He saw the *bourgeoisie* becoming an aristocracy without prescription and without dignity, exclusive in the midst of equality, exciting envy without winning respect. While the centralized administration of affairs afforded the mass of the people, and even many of the middle classes in the provinces, no vent for political

passions, no employment of civic talents, no experience of the practical difficulties and stern realities of public life, he foresaw that insane theories and dangerous dogmas would ferment as easily in the hungry heart of the French peasant or artisan as in the well-fumigated brain of the German professor. A participation in public interests seemed to him especially valuable to Frenchmen, and he used to instance the effect which the training and community of the military life had in converting the merest boor into a reflective and sensitive man, and the facility with which he reverted to his former state when these better influences were withdrawn. He wished to instil into the very souls of his countrymen the sense that each belonged less to himself than to the collective Being of the nation, whose prosperity he was bound to work out, and therefore to watch that he should not be governed except by respectable, beneficent, and legitimate authorities. Again, without attaching too much weight to the personal qualities of a sovereign, we may see that Louis Philippe was not a master whom De Tocqueville especially cared to serve. The man whom Heinrich Heine depicted as wearing under that plain round hat just as solid a crown, and holding within that umbrella just as strong a sceptre, as any king or kaiser in Europe, was not likely to propitiate a statesman who adored Washington and yearned for the real responsibility of the British Constitution. The strange fortune that had placed the son of Egalité on the throne of Louis Seize, might easily be distasteful to a mind that looked on politics as morality, and something more, and the impassive good-humor which had sustained the world-wise wanderer through his chequered existence could have little in common with the serious tenderness with which De Tocqueville ever contemplated the destinies of humanity.

To understand how a similar discrepancy of moral disposition would have prevented De Tocqueville from working cordially with M. Guizot in public affairs, it is only necessary to compare the "Civilization in Europe" with "Democracy in America." The one is the social anatomy of Man as he has been; the other, of man as he may be. To M. Guizot it appeared a kind of rebellion against the laws of Providence in the constitution of mankind to refuse to give full play to the interests of individuals or of families, to

the gratification of innocuous vanity, or to the satisfaction even of vulgar ambition; to him this was the ordained process by which alone numbers of men could be brought together to act in concert and produce great and decisive events in the history of the world. "Tocqueville et ses amis," said a minister of that period, "croient de faire un monde avec des idées, ce qui me paraît comme les femmes qui voulaient le faire avec des épingles." On the other hand, De Tocqueville openly reprobated a system that appeals so frankly to the baser propensities, and the unhappy frailties of our nature. He indicated that the means of government which seem no more than the use of legitimate influences, when exercised by the higher powers, become real corruption when transmitted through inferior agencies, and unchecked by a large and enlightened public opinion. If, indeed, De Tocqueville had been brought early into official life he might have adopted what he would himself have called lower, and others might have designated wider, views; but the acerbity of party warfare soon widened the breach, until men who were devoted to the same principles of rational liberty, and equally conscious of the advantages of a constitutional throne, continued their antagonism until the convulsion which the one predicted and the other defied.

It is, however, an error to assert that De Tocqueville always acted in opposition during the reign of Louis Philippe. He entered the Chamber in 1839, and gave his support to the administration of MM. Dufaure and Passy. He voted constantly with the government of M. Thiers, even to the very brink of war with England on the Eastern question, though without any special good-will towards or esteem for the character of the minister. His opposition, such as it was, to M. Guizot, was strictly confined within parliamentary limits, and did not even go so far as to take the initiative in any proposition to subvert the ministry. In his speeches he clearly defined the extent of his difference, and in matters not of a party character, such as the reform of prison discipline, the abolition of slavery in the colonies, and the organization of Algeria, he not only assisted the executive by his experience and practical wisdom, but laid down the principles which have since been acted upon with advantage and success.

For the latter object he had prepared himself by a visit to Algeria in 1841, which was, however, cut short by one of those sudden attacks of illness which so often impeded his physical exertions and enjoyments. The two reports to the Chambers in 1847, on the general condition and colonization of that dependency, are state-papers of more than local or immediate interest, and discuss the relations between the European conqueror and the native races with a force of judgment and a breadth of equity that would have done honor to the best masters of our Indian administration; the second, on the establishment of military colonies, is especially valuable from the distrust which De Tocqueville has elsewhere expressed of the success of European and Christian settlers in the midst of populations of semi-barbarous habits and discordant religions.

On the agitated subject of public education in France, he took an intermediate line between those who desired to place the whole matter in the hands of the state, and the party who wished to give full freedom to clerical interference. If he had had to choose between the alternative of either system, he would certainly have preferred that which, based upon individual freedom, incurred the dangers of sacerdotal influence, to any one which tended, by the extreme application of uniform and methodical regulations, to submit the general intellect to a mental police. In this point of view, De Tocqueville always set a low value upon the advantages supposed to result from the disposal of public offices by competitive examination, which of late has won so much favor in this country; he maintained that, though it might have diminished the number of incompetent *employés* in France, and brought their knowledge and ability to a certain average, it had all but eliminated men of original talent and initiative power; that it had had the effect of filling the public offices with youths belonging to the middle or lower classes, who, undistracted by society or amusement or by any literary or scientific pursuits, except those immediately bearing on their examinations, had little chance of future development, and of removing from the administration of business the men who started with a less complete though higher-toned education, and also grew up to political stature by the conduct of affairs and experience of man-

kind. He may possibly have felt that, with his own imperfect training, he himself might have been left far behind in the *concours*, while he was conscious that by his genius and self-culture he was not only competent to fill the highest offices of state, but to guide the passions and mould the minds of men.

It is true that as an orator he never attained the highest rank; his literary habits no less than his imaginative temperament were against him; he used to say, that as far as he knew, M. Guizot was the only great writer in whose speaking you quite forgot the man of letters: with himself it was a continual struggle—he was always striving after perfection in the art of expression, which a large audience little regard, and abhorring intellectual commonplaces, which must form the staple of any popular address. To these must be added the physical disqualifications which made it impossible for him even to speak two days consecutively, and limited the area of his melodious voice, obstacles especially apparent in a French Assembly, where the interruptions are generally apportioned to the ability of the orator, and where it is requisite at the same moment to fight and to command.

When on the 24th February, 1848, his friend Ampère, full of hope that after sixty years of revolution the French people had at last acquired experience to use the power they had won for the benefit of all, and, flushed with delight at the success of his speech to his pupils in the Collège de France, "We reject demagogues, but welcome democracy," joined De Tocqueville, he found him worn out with the terrible contest in the Chamber, overwhelmed with the result, and persuaded that, whoever gained by it, it would not be Liberty, or the friends of Liberty. De Tocqueville knew that, however well a Republic suited the democratic tastes and jealous disposition of the French nation, it could not become a settled form of government without habits of self-control and a practice of mutual concessions, which it was unreasonable to expect from a people politically uneducated and addicted to revolution. But he did not allow the duty of the citizen to be affected by the doubts of the philosopher, and from the hour he entered the Constituent Assembly to that of his imprisonment in the fortress of Mont Valérien, he served the Republic with conscientious zeal

and entire fidelity. To do all the good that could be done with existing materials; to palliate where he could not cure; to save from depression where he could not elevate; to protect the future when he could not improve the present,—these had been his axioms of statesmanship, and he now acted upon them in times when disloyalty paraded itself as virtue, and treason called itself the salvation of society. To the Commission for the formation of the Constitution, he gave, too often in vain, the salutary counsels of his profound thought and ripe experience; he earnestly desired the establishment of two Chambers, but it was not in that direction that he anticipated the nearest danger. Though little inclined to value historical parallels, he could not help reverting to the Constitution of 1795, which emanated, as this would do, from an Assembly combining absolute legislative with absolute executive power, and founded on the ruins of a constitutional monarchy. He saw what had then been the issue of an attempt to keep the two powers separate and equipollent, condemned by law to coerce each other, invited by law to mutual suspicion, mutual jealousy, and mutual contest, compelled to live in a continual *tête-à-tête* without a third power or even an umpire to mediate or to restrain them. If such a composite and fluctuating body as the Directory, imperfectly equipped with the *débris* of revolutionary authority, could culminate in the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, what would be the protection of the legislature against the president wielding all the influences of an universal patronage, and safe within a perfect panoply of centralized administration? When, three years afterwards, De Tocqueville became the *rapporteur* of the Commission that recommended the revision of the Constitution, he repeated these warnings, which now sound in our ears as the solemn accents of expiring freedom.

The true republican simplicity and singleness of purpose of General Cavaignac earned the esteem and respect of De Tocqueville, and appeared to him the best, if not the only security, against this and other defects of the Constitution; and he ardently supported his claims to the Presidency against those of the Prince, whom he could not but expect to be more true to the traditions of his dynasty than to the charge which would be confided to him by many antagonist in-



terests and passions united in a common fear. This, however, did not prevent him from joining the administration of M. Odilon Barrot, which already comprised two of his oldest political associates, MM. Dufaure and Lanjuinais. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was also able to employ his personal friends, General Lamoricière at St. Petersburg, M. Gustave de Beaumont at Vienna, and M. de Corcelles at Rome already threatened with French interference.

The expedition whose effects still agitate and embarrass Europe had arrived at Civita Vecchia when he entered the Cabinet. To those who regarded this act of violent intervention not only as exhibiting an aggressive and reactionary policy on the part of France, but as an outrage on those principles of the self-government of States which De Tocqueville had so constantly maintained, his acceptance of such an office at such a moment was no light mortification. His vindication of his share in the transaction, as reported by Mr. Senior, rather fortifies than diminishes their objections and their regrets, for it is not in constitutional usage that a minister should undertake the conduct of an enterprise which in its origin was repugnant to his avowed opinions, and of which he wholly disclaims the responsibility, except under the strain of party obligations or some manifest national necessity. It may, however, be doubted whether De Tocqueville's views on this question were thoroughly impartial. Probably the patriotic vanity which loves to consider France as the trustee of the religion of the majority of Christians, and which the Abbé Lamennais graphically described as "the conviction that no mortal could enter heaven without a French passport duly *réglé*," was not without its effect, even on his elevated mind. A resistance on the part of the Romans to the Gallic eagles was too incredible an event to enter into the calculations of the authors of the expedition, who may have possibly supposed that the Roman ruler and people were constrained by a horde of foreign ruffians whom France would disperse with one hand, while she corrected the abuses of papal authority with the other. That illusion was dispelled. The world looked with admiration on a defence in which heroic blood was freely shed as a protest without a hope of victory. The Papal Court, having refused the asylum of

France, but taking advantage of her force, began that course of passive resistance to all her demands for the better government of the Roman State which has hitherto foiled the sagacity of its protector and made essential weakness a match for imperial power. Then assuredly the political position became untenable by an uncompromising advocate of civil liberty. De Tocqueville owned as much himself when he stated, that, had he and his friends remained in power, it was their intention to draw up an appeal to Europe and posterity, detailing all they had asked on behalf of the Roman people, the grounds on which they had asked it, and the manner in which it had been refused or eluded, and having presented this to His Holiness, to have withdrawn the French troops from Rome. However this may be, it is very certain that M. de Corcelles would not have acted on these instructions, and it is very doubtful whether public opinion in France would then, any more than now after an occupation of twelve years, have accepted this solution of the difficulty.

It is the best testimony to the merit of the Cabinet to which M. de Tocqueville belonged that it was summarily dismissed in the fear that it would gain so strong a hold upon the country as to make possible the continuance of republican institutions. Its members had persistently refused to listen to any proposition to alter the form of government by unconstitutional means; and, although each of them had probably a decided preference for monarchy, yet their prescience of the nature of the change that would take place was quite sufficient to make them regard its advent with sorrow and dismay. Their intercourse with the president had convinced them that he preferred his present anomalous condition to that of a sovereign limited by constitutional guarantees, and that he in his person and career was a living exemplification of that union of democracy and despotism which had been the theme of De Tocqueville's most serious denunciations, and which had continually troubled his spirit as the probable future of his country. Rarely has a political prophet lived to see his predictions so exactly fulfilled, and rarely has a political philosophy been subjected to so rapid and so signal a trial of its truth.

The letter addressed by De Tocqueville to the *Times*, after the dissolution of the



National Assembly and the arrest of its members, which has now been reprinted, will remain the most authentic document relating to that conspiracy. It places distinctly before posterity the attitude and intentions of the representatives of the nation, and disperses forever the pretence of a contest of intrigue and violence, in which self-defence superseded all other obligations. He remained at his post, active to the last, but adhering faithfully to the principle he had enunciated, that "Even if the time had come when people ought to violate the Constitution, other hands must do the deed, for his should never strike the flag of law."

Banished from political life by the events of 1852, and even excluded from that shadow of it permitted to the *Conseil Général* of his department by his inability to take the required oath to the new Government, De Tocqueville now devoted himself to a literary object that had much occupied his mind; viz., the application to the recent history of France of his diagnosis of the vital forces of modern society. He had contributed an article to the *Westminster Review* of April, 1836, on the state of France before the Revolution. This essay, so translated by Mr. J. S. Mill as to have all the effect of an original production, is judiciously inserted in the first volume of the present publication, and must always form a portion of De Tocqueville's collected works. To expand these views, and to continue their investigations through the tumultuous incidents of that national tragedy, and through the consequences that reacted on the whole of Europe, was a task worthy of the gravest historian, and one for which he was especially adapted by his lifelong studies and meditations. There was, as he himself expressed it, "a certain *virus* of barbarism in the most distinguished actors of that period inexplicably at variance with the refined social state from which they sprung;" but he could not admit that the motives which actuated the masses, and the passions which wrought such terrible effects, were to be regarded as mysterious eruptions from unknown causes, or that they differed essentially from other historical phenomena. If, he argued, we thoroughly understood the *ancien régime*, not only in its laws and formulas, but in its relation to what was passing in the mind and heart of France, we

should not only relieve the Revolution from that preternatural aspect which excites fallacious horror or morbid admiration, but we should be able to derive from so interesting a spectacle of human vicissitudes the moral lessons that are altogether lost in the present confusion and obscurity. The analysis of that period contained in one volume indicates the researches of years; the author himself relates that the facts of a page were sometimes the only result of months of labor. In the reports of the Intendants who ruled France with despotic authority, in the transactions of the provincial and parochial assemblies, in the petitions of the nobles against the functionaries, the complaints of the public officers against both nobles and peasantry, in the mutual remonstrances of class against class to the central government, De Tocqueville found inexhaustible proofs of a state of society to which Providence could only allot a rapid dissolution or gradual decay. In the political sphere, he portrays an aristocracy whose powers had been usurped by the crown, whose wealth had devolved on the *bourgeoisie*, whose education was no better than their neighbors', and who still lived in a perfect world of real and fantastic privileges; a monarchy doing its best to awaken the nation to a sense of its grievances, holding out hopes of infinite reforms, and day by day taking upon itself enormous responsibilities, which it must either discharge or perish; and the whole body of the people with the chains of villainage still clanking about their necks, and yet possessed with that envious spirit of equality and that fierce demand for fraternity which vented itself in the Reign of Terror. In the moral order, he represents the intellects of Frenchmen sharpened by incredulity and greedy for new and unripe knowledge, their feelings excited by appeals to their outraged sympathies and despised affections, and their sensualities let loose under the sanction of a material philosophy. Thus studied and illustrated, we no longer see a fatalistic drama standing apart in history, but a long day of judgment and retribution, the evening of which is not yet come. Of the volumes which were to comprehend the series and links of consequences extending through the Revolution and the Empire, only two fragments are given as referring to the period of the Consulate. M.

de Beaumont intimates that other materials, more or less connected, were left by the writer, which he does not think he would be justified in producing. He is so strongly impressed with the regard which his friend ever manifested for completeness of form and correctness of diction, that he feels it a duty to withhold whatever is left imperfect, and to permit no broken thoughts or phrases to lie strewn about the polished edifice. We cannot submit patiently to this loss; for although we fully prize the noble modesty and just pride which induced De Tocqueville to keep back his most precious thoughts until he was thoroughly contented with their arrangement and expression, yet, as he esteemed the truth and the fact far beyond any mode in which they might be conveyed, we believe his fame would not suffer by any accession of knowledge or of reflection by which his cause might gain. Is not this very correspondence a judicious selection of the fragments of his intelligence and of the gleanings of his wisdom? and if these letters, loosely composed and without a thought of meeting the public eye, are nevertheless so interesting and valuable, why may we not expect an equal brightness and originality in other remnants of his mind? He tells us in the preface to the first volume that even at that time a portion of the second essay was sketched out, and adds the pathetic doubt whether it will be granted him to complete it: "The destiny of man is still far more obscure than that of nations;" and yet he seemed to prognosticate his own.

He had passed the winter of 1851 at Sorrento, in the genial companionship of Mr. Senior and M. Ampère. Of the conversations that passed between them in long sunny walks and beautiful resting-places, the latter asks, "Why did I not record them?" to which Mr. Senior answers, "I did," and they fill many pages of this second volume. Another winter he spent in the neighborhood of Tours, which, to the mildness of the climate, added the advantage of a collection of provincial archives, that increased his store of antiquarian knowledge, and contributed to the completion of the first part of his work. But each of these residences gave him only a respite of existence. Allied as he was to England by his deepest sentiment and his most confirmed opinions, it is

strange that his visits to this country were so few and his sojourn of such short duration. The first time, in 1835, he was received with the ordinary kindness due to his name, his introductions, and his agreeable presence. Two years later, after the publication of his *chef d'œuvre*, he was welcomed with esteem and respect by all ranks of society, though his inclinations naturally led him into contact with men who, like himself, had not disavowed the interests of politics and literature. And of these he found several in this country, notwithstanding the notion so sedulously propagated of late years by aristocratic ignorance and successful mediocrity, that the man who has thought long and earnestly on a subject is the least capable of carrying into execution the practical measures connected with it; and that literary labor, the hardest and most exact form of business, incapacitates the mind for the simpler and less accurate duties of official routine. To persons, such as the Historian of the Democracy of Greece,—as the philosophic critic who combines his scholarly pursuits with at least as successful a management of great public affairs as that of other statesmen who find no time even for pleasure—as Mr. John Mill, to whom he was, from the first, attached by a singular congeniality of intellect—as Mr. Henry Reeve, who became his interpreter to the British public—as Mr. William Greg, Mr. Nassau Senior, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and Mr. Charles Bulwer—and, moreover, to such of our well-instructed and thoughtful countrywomen as Mrs. Grote and Lady Theresa Lewis, he was at once attracted, not only by their clear appreciation of his views and their sincere approval of his moral aims, but by an intellectual sympathy, perhaps even more entire than he could find in his closest *coterie* at home. It was in the depression of declining health that he wrote, "that though he had relations and neighbors and friends, his mind had not a family or a country;" but we have already observed how, throughout his whole career, he was bound to other Frenchmen by any ties rather than those of mental association. With the best Englishmen it was different. He was much pleased by one of them; who complimented him on having avoided general ideas while handling such extensive subjects. M. de Beaumont, in recounting this anecdote, adds, "there could

not be a greater mistake." We may observe, however, that in all probability the Englishmen by "general ideas" meant vague theories, composed from preconceived notions and arbitrary modes of thought, such as generally pervade the German and often the French treatment of political subjects; and that he recognized (though not with very precise expression), in De Tocqueville's writings, the continual subordination to facts and conscientious deduction which find favor with the solidity of our national character, and without which there is something wanting to our satisfaction in the richest imagination or in the most fervent faith.

Although De Tocqueville's principal intimacy lay with members of the so-called Liberal party, his own tendencies in English politics were of anything rather than a Radical character. Where the aristocratic element was a living portion of the state and its maintenance an object rather of pride than of envy to the people, his feelings led him rather to desire the extension of its legitimate influence than its injury or degradation. It was with a melancholy satisfaction that he contrasted the political undulations of France with—

"A land of settled government,  
A land of just and old renown,  
Where freedom broadens slowly down  
From precedent to precedent."

It was with no less interest that he compared the original of our institutions with their magnified and coarsened copy across the Atlantic, and recognized that while here too there was democracy, it only required judgment and moderation in the rulers to provide for its salutary action and to subordinate the caprices of the popular will to the control of the public reason.

It was not till 1857 that he repeated his visit, and then only for the professed purpose of consulting the collections on the subject of the French Revolution in the British Museum. These he found even more abundant than he expected, but so arranged as to be utterly worthless for him or any other historical student. The indispensableness of a special catalogue to give utility to these materials has been frequently urged on the trustees, but hitherto in vain. De Tocqueville soon transferred his attention to the contents of the State-Paper Office, which were placed at his disposal without

restriction, and where he found much novel matter for his future volumes. The reception that he met with, from all public men, was such as could not fail to be grateful to the wounded spirit of one who, in his home, was a political exile, and whom his fellow-countrymen could hardly honor without censure or esteem without self-reproach. The notice of the trifling courtesy paid to him by the Admiralty in placing a steamer at his disposal to convey him to Cherbourg was excluded from the French journals.

The rarity of his intercourse with England is the more surprising from the circumstance that he habitually resided at a *gentilhomme* in Normandy, almost on the coast of the Channel, a few miles east of Cherbourg, that came into his possession in 1837 by one of those family arrangements, not unfrequent in France, which, in the subdivision of property, devolve the family estate on a younger son. The château itself represented the history of centuries:—a solid tower recalled the times when France and England, being almost one nation, lived in a chronic state of civil war; the remains of a dovecote told of the Seigneurial pigeons that fed on the crops of the villeins, and whose posterity, like that of their lords, perished in expiation of the sins of their ancestors; and a dwelling-house of the date of Louis Douze bore traces at once of the hard hand of the Revolution and of the taste which had gradually transformed it into a most agreeable residence. To this were attached farm-buildings, for De Tocqueville took much interest in agriculture, and lived among the peasantry in the happiest familiarity. Every reader will be touched with the large place that this residence fills in his correspondence. We are accustomed to think of Frenchmen as only connected with towns, especially with Paris; but here we have a picture of country life, with all its advantages of daily occupation, intellectual leisure, and social hospitality, as fully appreciated and enjoyed as they could be in any part of England. Many of our countrymen, whose names are high in literature, will retain a delightful impression of the hours they have passed there in such intercourse as recalled the age when conversation was a living art, in which the best men gave the best of their minds to those they loved and valued. There were long walks in lanes as

deep and shady as those of Devonshire; there were excursions to the neglected port of Barfleur, sacred to the memory of the English monarch "who never smiled again;" to the scene of our naval victory at La Hogue; and to the lighthouse of Gatteville, from which were seen the fine expanse of sea indenting the varied coast and the thick hedgerows making one continued wood up to the sloping hills. There were drives to the châteaux of family connections, old ladies and gentlemen who suited the long broad alleys of the *ancien régime*,—and to ruined manors whence many generations of Clérels had gone forth to fight their own neighbors and their country's foes. The guests of the autumn of 1858—the last—will not easily forget the brightness of look and heartiness of demeanor which, even after the warning of the previous month, made it impossible either for the old friends who had never seen him gayer, or for the new ones who had never known any one so charming, to look on De Tocqueville as a man about to die.

Yet so it was. He left Tocqueville for the south in the autumn, and there passed away early in the following year, after much suffering cheerfully borne. On leaving Paris, he wrote that he expected to study better at Cannes than he could at Tocqueville, "which was too agreeable to him to be a good working place, and where the domestic calm repressed those emotions which, like winds, make the flame of thought burn all the brighter." Vain hope! the intellectual intercourse of friends, such as those conversations with Baron de Bunsen which, he said, "did more good to his mind than Dr. Séve could do to his body," was the most that he could now enjoy. Near the end, he summoned M. de Beaumont in the affecting words "I do not know that anything has ever cost me so much as what I am now going to say to you—I pray you to come here;" and in his last letter, within a few days of his death, he welcomed M. Ampère, who had already set out from home to join him, with passionate delight: "Never could I be more rejoiced to see you, though never could I be less capable of enjoying your society; but come, for nothing is so selfish as true friendship and another passion that now I cannot name." With such sympathies active to the last, and with her beside

him without whom he said he "could not even feel the sunshine," he expired the 16th April, 1859, fifty-four years old.

The character which we have here attempted to draw may be regarded with sympathy or indifference, but hardly by any one with repugnance or hostile criticism. To some there may appear a narrowness of perception in the persistency of its ideas, and a poverty of spirit in the uniformity of its designs. To those for whom politics are a chess-board where statesmen move the pieces and prize them as they contribute to the success of the game, this constant impersonation of and care for the aggregate of the people may seem fantastic and unsound; to those who make the Providential governance a pretext for disencumbering their lives from responsibility for the welfare of their fellow-men, this abiding sense of Duty and Free-will will be superfluous and burdensome; to those who enjoy the excitement of public life too keenly to be careful of instruments or of results, this continual balance of motives and delicacy of conscience must appear theoretical and pedantic. But such judgments have their foundation in a discrepancy of moral temperament that no argument can reconcile. What can we say more than that De Tocqueville never doubted the power of certain men to influence the destinies of multitudes, and that therefore he called on them to be great, unselfish, and heroic; that he never ceased to recognize the visible signs of a supernatural direction of the thoughts and feelings of humanity, and that, therefore, he required all Christian rulers and governments to comprehend those mysterious influences and guide them, as best they might, for the advantage of mankind?

To the supposition that he was a collegiate professor of politics, and not a practical worker in public affairs, we can only offer the evidence of his own Speeches and Reports, and the testimony of all who came into contact with him as a legislator or as a minister. There seems no doubt that he carried into his habits of business the same spirit which animates his writings—generalizing only when he had mastered all details, and not satisfied with any portions of a subject until he had determined their relations to the whole. As, too, in every page he manifests a sense of the difficulty of accom-



modating absolute truth to the frailty and short-sightedness of mankind, so he was naturally found conciliatory in his transactions with other men until conciliation became falsehood, and content to compromise until compromise became dishonor. Nor can we, as Englishmen, forget that our free institutions were not to him only objects of a barren admiration but a source of moral life and political example, which seemed to him destined to embrace the universe and decide the future of humanity. It was in the light of our history that he learnt to understand his own. And if there be in his political philosophy something too conclusive as to the designs of Providence, something too dogmatic concerning the infinite possibilities, it is hardly for us to reprove

the exaggeration which never disturbed the balance of his judgment or dimmed the lustre of his understanding. It may be that the mighty phantom of Democracy, which possessed his imagination, which saddened the native gayety of his disposition and made him old before his time, excluded other scenes of thought and fields of reflection—but never did it deaden his sympathies or intimidate his soul; and although at the last he may have looked on himself and the few friends about him as the “forlorn hope” of Liberty, it still was hope to him, however it was despair to others:—

“That out-post is abandoned: while the one  
Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart;  
Unconquered He has done what could be done,  
With sword unbroken, and with broken heart.”

**THE ADULTERATION OF TEA.**—The London *Lancet* gives the result of the microscopical and chemical analysis of forty-eight samples of tea.

Of the twenty-four specimens of black tea analyzed, every one was found to be *genuine*. Of a like number of green teas *all were adulterated*. The adulterations are mainly a coloring matter with which the tea leaf is faced, painted or glazed. Ferro cyanide of iron or Prussian blue is the article most commonly used for this purpose. Sometimes, however, indigo, kaolin, or China clay, and tumeric powder were found in addition. That species of tea which is denominated gunpowder, was adulterated in other ways by admixture with leaves not those of tea, with paddy husk, and particularly with “lie tea,” so called, a leaf which resembles the tea leaf closely, and is sent to this country from China in vast quantities, to be employed in adulteration here. The coloring of the tea is almost entirely done in China, and probably because it improves its appearance, and, perhaps, renders its sale more sure and rapid.

Such is the result of a thorough analyzation of this article by eminent scientific men in England, and it is certainly not very flattering to the tastes of those who drink green tea for the love of it. There is no such article as an *unadulterated green tea*. Let the lovers of the herb remember that fact, and as they sip the delicious beverage, and fancy that they find in it a solvent for their aches and pains, let them also remember that they are sipping with it a solution of Prussian blue and indigo, as well as sundry other little peccadilloes that neither add to its exhilarating properties, nor yet are entirely harmless to the system. On the other hand, the black teas are not adulterated, and are the only ones used by the Chinese. Knowing the impurities that are in the best green teas, they send them to foreign ports to tickle the palates

of the English, the French, and the American, who, in their view, fancy the bright lively appearance imparted by the coloring compositions they use.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* affirms that a Trappist has solved the question of the electric light. He has made it regular, and reduced its production below the cost of gas. Abbaye Grace has already been lighted with it, and factories for its production are being erected at Lyons and Paris. The mode by which the inventor proposes to produce heat will be published to the world on December 16, and the secret of the light on the day of the opening of the new Exhibition. Every householder in England will rejoice to hear that there is a prospect of so severe a blow to the avaricious monopolists, who, under the name of gas companies, tax and poison us all. They well deserve all that science can do to supersede them. For years it has been in their power, by a small reduction on exorbitant dividends, to purify gas, and they have declined to make the attempt; so that while gas in Scotland is a pure white light, as innocuous as any other, gas in London is a yellow haze, emitting a smoke which turns silver black in three days, and spoils pictures in one.—*Spectator*.

THE late Duke of Buckingham left behind him a private diary, which diary is to be immediately published. No man in our time led a stranger life, or lived more behind the political scenes, than the late duke. If he has entered truly what he saw and what he heard, his book must be curious in the highest degree.



KING COTTON BOUND; OR, THE NEW  
PROMETHEUS.

FAR across Atlantic waters  
Groans in chains a Giant King;  
Like to him, whom Ocean's daughters  
Wail around in mournful ring,  
In the grand old Grecian strains  
Of Prometheus in his chains!

Needs but Fancy's pencil pliant  
Both to paint till both agree;  
For King Cotton is a giant,  
As Prometheus claimed to be.  
Each gave blessings unto men,  
Each dishonor reaped again.

From the gods to sons of clay  
If Prometheus brought the flame,  
Who King Cotton can gainsay,  
Should he equal honor claim?  
Fire and life to millions giving,  
That, without him, had no living.

And if they are one in blessing,  
So in suffering they are one;  
Both, their captive state confessing,  
Freeze in frost and scorch in sun:  
That, upon his mountain chain,  
This, upon his parching plain.

Nor the wild bird's self is wanting—  
Either giant's torment sore;  
If Prometheus writhed, while panting  
Heart and lungs the vulture tore,  
So Columbia's eagle fierce,  
Doth King Cotton's vitals pierce.

On those wings so widely sweeping  
In its poise the bird to keep,  
See, if you can see for weeping,  
"North" and "South" are branded deep—  
On the beak all reeking red,  
On the talons blood-bespread!

But 'tis not so much the anguish  
Of the wound that rends his side,  
Makes this fettered giant languish,  
As the thought how once, in pride,  
That great eagle took its stand,  
Gently on his giant hand!

How to it the meat he'd carry  
In its mew to feed secure;  
How he'd fling it on the quarry,  
How recall it to the lure,  
Make it stoop, to his caresses,  
Hooded neck and jingling jesses.

And another thought is pressing,  
Like hot iron on his brain—  
Millions that would fain be blessing,  
Ban, e'en now, King Cotton's name.  
Oh, that here those hands are bound,  
Which should scatter wealth around!

"Not this Eagle's screaming smothers  
That sad sound across the sea—  
Wailing babes and weeping mothers,  
Wailing, weeping, wanting me.  
Hands that I would fain employ,  
Hearts that I would fill with joy!

"I must writhe—a giant fettered,—  
While those millions peak and pine;  
By my wealth their lot unbettered,  
And their suffering worse than mine.  
For *they* know that I would fain  
Help their need, were't not my chain!

"But I know not where to turn me  
For relief from bonds and woe;  
Frosts may pinch and suns may burn me,  
But for rescue—none I know,  
Save the millions I have fed,  
Should they rise for lack of bread—

"Saying, 'We will brook no longer,  
That King Cotton bound should be:  
Be his gaolers strong, *we're* stronger,  
In our hunger over sea—  
More for want, than love, uprisen,  
We are come to break his prison!'

"Welcome even such releasing,  
Fain my work I'd be about:  
Soon would want and wail be ceasing,  
Were King Cotton once let out—  
Though all torn and faint and bleeding,  
Millions still I've strength for feeding.

"Foolish Eagle—cease your rending—  
'Tis yourself you would undo:  
Know you not the strength you're spending,  
Still was put to use for *you*?  
'Twas King Cotton's cost and care,  
Fed you fat and sleeked you fair.

"Hold me longer bound, and wasting  
Life will leave my giant frame;  
Other Kings o'er sea are hasting,  
On my throne to make their claim;  
Once they take that seat—good-by—  
You have lost far more than I."

—Punch.

## INFALLIBILITY IN ERROR.

THE Holy Father, urged by Antonelli,  
Condemned to death the guiltless Locatelli;  
So he, beheaded by the Pope's behest,  
Died for the crime Castrucci has confessed.

How came Infallibility to make  
So gross and melancholy a mistake?  
Pretend to govern in St. Peter's stead!  
Who was it that cut off the wrong man's head?

Oh! but, infallible in faith alone,  
When speaking from his spiritual throne,  
His Holiness may blunder as to fact,  
And so decree a sanguinary act.

Then, such a Prince how needful to restrain  
Within his metaphysical domain;  
Unerring Judge of mysteries unseen,  
But apt to misapply the guillotine!

Allow him still to exercise the keys,  
And excommunicate his enemies!  
But have no more command of axe and rope.  
How long will France guard scaffolds for the  
Pope?  
—Punch.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD: THE  
DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

AFFAIRS went on in Carlingford with the usual commonplace pertinacity of human affairs. Notable events happened but seldom in anybody's life, and matters rolled back into their ordinary routine, or found a new routine for themselves after the ordinary course of humanity. After the extraordinary advent of Nettie and her strange household—after the setting-out of that little wonderful establishment, with all the amazed expectation it excited—it was strange to see how everything settled down, and how calmly the framework of common life took in that exceptional and half-miraculous picture. Lookers-on prophesied that it never could last—that in the very nature of things some sudden crisis or collapse must ensue, and the vain experiment prove a failure; but quiet nature and steady time prevailed over these moralists and their prophecies. The winter went on calmly day by day, and Nettie and her dependants became legitimate portions of Carlingford society. People ceased to wonder by degrees. Gradually the eyes of Carlingford grew accustomed to that dainty tiny figure sweeping along, by mere impulse of cheerful will and ceaseless activity, the three open-eyed, staring children, the faded mother. Sometimes, indeed, Nettie, too clear of the necessity of her own exertions, and too simply bent upon her business, to feel any sentimental shame of her relations, was seen quickening the sluggish steps of Fred himself, who shuffled along by her side in a certain flush of self-disgust, never perceptible upon him under any other circumstances. Even Fred was dully moved by her vicinity. When he saw other people look at them, his bemused intellect was still alive enough to comprehend that people were aware of his dismal dependence upon that fairy creature, whom it was a shame to think of as the support not only of his deserted children, but of his own base comforts and idleness. But the spur, though it pricked, did not goad him into any action. When he got home, he took refuge in his room up-stairs, in the hazy atmosphere drugged with the heavy fumes of his pipe, and stretched his slovenly limbs on his sofa, and buried his confused faculties in his old novel. So he lived day

by day, circumscribed in the most dangerous of his indulgences by Nettie's unhesitating strictures and rules, which nobody dared break, but unlimited in his indolence, his novel, and his pipe. That stifling fire, that close room, the ashes of the pipe on the table, the listless shabby figure on the sofa, were the most dismal part of the interior at St. Roque's Cottage, so far as it appeared to the external eye. But it is doubtful whether Mrs. Fred, spiteful and useless, with her poor health, her selfish love, her utter unreason, dawdling over trifling matters which she never completed; or the three children, entirely unrespectful of father or mother, growing up amid that wonderful subversion of the ordinary rules of nature, with some loyalty to Nettie, but no reverence in them, were not as appalling companions to live with. Nettie, however, did not consider the matter as a spectator might. She did not enter into it at all as a matter to be criticised; they simply belonged to her as they were. She knew their faults without loving them less, or feeling it possible that faults could make any difference to those bonds of nature. Fred, indeed, did afflict her lively, impatient spirit;—she had tried to quicken him into life at first—she gave him up with a certain frank scorn now, and accepted her position. Thus he was to be all his life long this big lumberer of the ground. Nettie, valorous and simple, made up her mind to it. He was Fred—that was all that could be said on the subject; and, being Fred, belonged to her, and had to be cared for like the rest.

It all grew into a matter of routine as that winter glided along; outside and in, everybody came to take it for granted. Miss Wodehouse, who, with a yearning admiration of a creature so totally unlike herself, came often to visit Nettie, ceased to expostulate, almost ceased to wonder. Mr. Wentworth no longer opened his fine eyes in amazement when that household was named. Mrs. Smith, their landlady, calmly brought her bills to Nettie, and forgot that it was not the most natural thing in the world that she should be paid by Miss Underwood. The only persistent sceptic was the doctor. Edward Rider could not, would not, believe it. He who had so chafed under Fred's society, felt it beyond the bounds of human possibility that Nettie could endure him. He watched

with an eagerness which he found it difficult to account for, to see the first symptoms of disgust which must ere long mark the failure of this bold but foolish venture. It occupied his mind a great deal more than was good for his own comfort; perhaps more than was best for his patients. Though he had few people to visit in that quarter of the town, his drag was seen to pass St. Roque's Cottage most days of the week; and when urgent messages came for Dr. Rider in the evening, his little groom always wended his way out through the special district of Dr. Majoribanks to find his master, if the doctor was not at home. Not that all this devotion assisted him much either in increase of friendship with his relations, or in verification of his auguries. The disgust of the young doctor, when he saw his brother's slovenly figure in his own chair, was nothing to his disgust now, when he saw that same form, so out of accordance with the neat little sitting-room which Nettie's presence made dainty and refined in its homeliness, lounging in Nettie's way. He could not bring himself to speak with ordinary patience to Fred; and Fred, obtuse as he was, perceived his brother's disgust and contempt, and resented it sullenly; and betrayed his resentment to the foolish wife, who sulked and said spiteful things to Edward. It was not a pleasant family group. As for Nettie, she was much too fully occupied to give her society or conversation to Dr. Rider. She came and went while he was there, busy about a thousand things, always alert, decided, uncompromising—not disinclined to snub Fred or Susan when opportunity offered, totally unconscious even of that delicacy with which a high fantastical heroine of romance would have found it necessary to treat her dependants. It was this unconsciousness, above all, that irritated the doctor. If she had shown any feeling, he said to himself—if she had even been grandly aware of sacrificing herself and doing her duty—there would have been some consolation in it. But Nettie obstinately refused to be said to do her duty. She was doing her own will with an imperious distinctness and energy—having her own way—displaying no special virtue, but a determined wilfulness. Dr. Rider was half disgusted with Nettie, to see how little disgust she showed of her companions. He was disappointed in her: he con-

cluded to himself that she did not show that fine perception which he was disposed to expect from so dainty a little sprite. Yet, notwithstanding all these disappointed expectations, it is astonishing how he haunted that room where the society was so unattractive, and bore Mrs. Fred's spiteful speeches, and suffered his eyes and his temper to be vexed beyond endurance by the dismal sight of his brother. The children, too, worried their unfortunate uncle beyond description. He did not dislike children; as a general rule, mothers in the other end of Carlingford, indeed, declared the doctor to be wonderfully tender and indulgent to his little patients; but those creatures, with their round, staring eyes, the calm remarks they made upon their father's slovenly indolence and their mother's imbecility—their precocious sharp-sightedness and insubordination, moved Dr. Rider with a sharp prevailing inclination, intensifying by times almost into action, to whip them all round, and banish the intolerable brats out of sight. Such was his unpaternal way of contemplating the rising hopes of his house. How Nettie could bear it all, was an unceasing marvel to the doctor. Yet, in spite of these disagreeables, he went to St. Roque's all the same.

One of these winter evenings the doctor wended his way to St. Roque's Cottage in a worse frame of mind than usual. It was a clear frosty night, very pleasant to be out in, though sharp and chill; such a night as brightens young eyes, and exhilarates young hearts, when all is well with them. Young Rider could hear his own footsteps echoing along the hard frost-bound road, and could not but wonder in himself, as he drew near the group of buildings which broke the solitude of the way, whether Nettie too might hear it, and *perhaps* recognize the familiar step. The shadow of St. Roque's fell cold over him as he passed. Just from that spot the light in the parlor window of the cottage became perceptible to the wayfarer. A shadow crossed the blind as he came in sight—Nettie unquestionably. It occurred to Dr. Rider to remember with very sharp distinctness at that moment, how Nettie's little shadow had dropped across the sunshine that first morning when he saw her in his own room. He quickened his step unawares—perhaps to-night Nettie might be more accessible than usual, less shut in and sur-

rounded with her family. He pictured to himself, as he went past the willows, which rustled faintly with their long bare branches in the night air, that perhaps, as he was later than usual, Fred might have retired to his den up-stairs; and Susan might have gone to bear Fred company—who knows? and the children might be in bed, the dreadful little imps. And for once a half-hour's talk with the strange little head of the house might comfort the young doctor's fatigued mind and troubled heart.

For he was sadly fatigued and worn out. What with incessant occupation and distracted thoughts this year had been a very exhausting one for the doctor. He had fagged on through the whole summer and autumn without any relaxation. He had chafed over Fred's presence for half of the year, and had been occupied for the other half with matters still more absorbing and exciting. Even now his mind was in a perpetual ferment, and no comforting spirit spoke quietness to his soul—no stout heart strengthened his—no lively intelligence animated his own to worthy doings. He was very cross and fretful, and knew himself to be so that particular evening—worried and in want of rest. What a chance, if perhaps he found Nettie, whose very provocations were somehow more interesting than other people's most agreeable and tranquillizing efforts, all alone and at leisure! He went on with some palpitations of hope. As soon as he had entered the cottage, however, he found out the delusion he was under. The children were the first fact that presented itself to his senses; an uproar that pervaded the house, a novel tumult waking all the echoes; glimpses of flying figures pursuing each other with brushes and mops, and other impromptu weapons; one astride upon the banisters of the stairs, sliding down from top to bottom; another clinging now and then, in the pauses of the conflict, to the top of one of the doors, by which it swung back and forward. Terrible infants! there they all were in a complete saturnalia, the door of the parlor half open all the time, and no sound of Nettie's restraining voice. Only poor Mrs. Smith standing helpless, in successions of fright and exasperation, sometimes alarmed for life and limb, sometimes ready to give the little wretches over to all the penalties of poetic justice. The poor

woman brightened a little when she perceived the sympathetic horror on the doctor's face.

"How's this?" exclaimed young Rider with a sigh of dismay. Alas! however it was, no quiet imaginary conference, no soothing glimpse of Nettie, was practicable to-night. He grew sulky and ferocious under the thought. He seized the imp that hung on the door, and set it down summarily with a certain moral violence, unable to refrain from an admonitory shake, which startled its sudden scream into a quivering echo of alarm. "Do you want to break your neck, sir?" cried the wrathful uncle. Dr. Rider, however, had to spring aside almost before the words were uttered to escape the encounter of a hearth-brush levelled at him by his sweet little niece. "How is this, Mrs. Smith?" cried the startled visitor, with indignation, raising his voice sufficiently to be quite audible through the half-open door.

"Bless you, sir, Miss is gone out to tea; don't say nothink—I don't begrudge the poor young lady a bit of a holiday," whispered the frightened landlady under her breath; "but I can't never give in to it again. Their mamma never takes a bit of notice exceptin' when they're found fault with. Lord! to think how blind some folks is when it's their own. But the poor dear, young lady, she's gone out for a little pleasure—only to Miss Wodehouse's, doctor," added Mrs. Smith, looking up with a sudden start to catch the stormy expression on the doctor's face.

He made no reply to the troubled landlady. He pushed the children aside, and made a stride into the parlor. To be sure, if Nettie was not here, what a charming opportunity to make himself disagreeable, and give the other two a piece of his mind! Edward Rider was anything but perfect. He decided on that expedient with an angry satisfaction. Since he could not have Nettie, he would at least have this relief to his feelings, which was next best.

The room was full of smoke, which came in heavy puffs from Fred's pipe. He himself lay stretched on the little sofa; Nettie's sofa—Nettie's room—the place sacred in the doctor's heart to that bright little figure, the one redeeming presence in this dismal household. Mrs. Fred sat dawdling opposite her husband over some wretched fancy-work.

Eyes less prejudiced than those of Edward Rider might have imagined this a scene of coarse but not unpleasant domestic comfort. To him it was a disgusting picture of self-indulgence and selfish miserable enjoyment, almost vice. The very tobacco which polluted the atmosphere of her room was bought with Nettie's money! Pah! the doctor came in with a silent pale concentration of fury and disgust, scarcely able to compel himself to utter ordinary words of civility. His presence disturbed the pair in their stolen pleasure. Fred involuntarily put aside his pipe, and Mrs. Fred made a little movement to remove from the table the glass from which her husband had been drinking; but both recollected themselves after a moment. The wife set down the glass with a little spiteful toss of her head, the husband, with that heated sullen flush upon his face, relighted his half-extinguished pipe, and put up again on the sofa the slovenly slippered feet which at Edward's first appearance he had withdrawn from it. A sullen "How d'ye do?" was all the salutation that passed between them. *They* felt themselves found out; the visitor felt with rage and indignation that he had found them out. Defiant shame and resentment, spiteful passion and folly, on one side, encountered the gaze of a spectator outside whose opinion could not be mistaken, a known critic and possible spy. Little comfort could come from this strange reunion. They sat in uneasy silence for a few minutes, mutually ready to fly at each other. Mrs. Fred, in her double capacity as a woman and a fool, was naturally the first to speak.

"Nettie's gone out to tea," said that good wife. "I dare say, Mr. Edward, we should not have had the pleasure of seeing you here had you known that only Fred and I were at home. It is very seldom we have an evening to ourselves. It was too great a pleasure, I suppose, not to be disturbed."

"Susan, hold your confounded tongue," said the ungrateful Fred.

"I am sorry to disturb Mrs. Rider," said Edward, with deadly civility. "I was not aware, indeed, of the domestic enjoyment I was likely to interrupt. But if you don't want your boys to break their necks, some one ought certainly to interfere outside there."

"That is exactly what I expected," said

Mrs. Fred. "My poor children can't have a little amusement, poor things, but somebody must interfere with it; and my poor Fred—perhaps you have some fault to find with him, Mr. Edward? Oh, I can see it in your looks! so please take your advantage, now that there's nobody to be afraid of. I can tell you have ever so many pleasant things just on your lips to say."

"I wish you'd mind your own business, Susan," said her husband, who was not a fool. "Look after these imps there, and let me and Edward alone. Nettie's gone out, you understand. She's a wonderful creature, to be sure, but it's a blessed relief to get rid of her for a little. A man can't breathe under her sharp eyes," said Fred, half apologetic, half defiant, as he breathed out a puff of smoke.

Edward Rider stared at his brother, speechless with rage and indignation. He could have rushed upon that listless figure, and startled the life half out of the nerveless slovenly frame. The state of mingled resentment, disappointment, and disgust he was in, made every particular of this aggravating scene tell more emphatically. To see that heavy vapor obscuring those walls which breathed of Nettie—to think of this one little centre of her life, which always hitherto had borne in some degree the impress of her womanly image, so polluted and vulgarized, overpowered the young man's patience. Yet perhaps he of all men in the world had least right to interfere.

"How is it possible," burst forth the doctor all at once, "that you can live upon that creature, Fred? If you have the heart of a mouse in that big body of yours—if you are not altogether lost and degraded, how can you do it? And, by Jove, when all is done, to go and fill the only room she has—the only place you have left her—with this disgusting smoke and noise as soon as her back is turned. Good Heaven! it sickens one to think of it. A fellow like you, as strong as any hodman, to let such a creature sacrifice herself to keep him in bread; and the only bit of a little place she can sit down in when she comes home—it's too much, you know—it's more than she ought to bear."

"And who are you, to meddle with us and our arrangements?" cried Mrs. Fred. "My husband is in his own house. You would not take us into your house, Mr. Edward—"



"Hold your confounded tongue, I tell you," said Fred, slowly gathering himself off the sofa. "You're a pretty fellow to speak, you are—that wouldn't lend a fellow a shilling to keep him from ruin. You had better remember where you are—in—in—as Susan says—my own house."

What outbreak of contempt might have come from the doctor's lips was fortunately lost at that moment, since a louder outcry than usual from outside, the screams of the children, and the wailings of the landlady, at length roused the mother to the length of going to the door. When she was gone the two brothers eyed each other threateningly. Fred, not without a certain intolerable sensation of shame, rose to knock his pipe upon the mantel-shelf among Nettie's pretty girlish ornaments. Somehow these aggravations of insult to her image drove Edward Rider desperate. He laid his hand on Fred's shoulder and shook him violently.

"Wake up! can't you wake up and see what you're about?" cried the doctor; "can't you show a little respect for her, at least! Look here, Fred Rider. I knew you could do anything shabby or mean, if it suited you. I knew you would consent to hang a burden on anybody that would take such a weight upon them; but, by Jove, I did not think you had the heart to insult her, after all. A man can't stand by and see that. Clear off your pipe and your brandy before she comes, or, as sure as I am made of flesh and blood, and not cast-iron—"

The doctor's threats were interrupted by the entrance of a woful procession. Into the presence of the two brothers, eying each other with such lowering faces, Mrs. Smith and her husband entered, carrying between them, with solemn looks, the unconscious Freddy, while his mother followed screaming, and his little brother and sister staring open-mouthed. It was some relief to the doctor's feelings, in the excitement of the moment, to rush to the window and throw it open, admitting a gust of chill December air, penetrating enough to search to the bones of the fireside loiterer. Fred was father enough to turn with anxiety to the child. But his trembling nervous fingers and bemused eyes could make nothing of the "case" thus so suddenly brought before him. He turned fiercely and vacantly upon his wife, and demanded why everything was

suffered to go to ruin when Nettie was away. Mrs. Fred, screaming and terrified, began to recriminate. The pallid figure of the child on the table gave a certain air of squalid tragedy to the scene, through the midst of which the night air, coming in with a rush, chilling the group in their indoor dresses, and flickering the flame of the candles, added one other point of dismal accumulation to all its sordid miseries. The child had dropped from his swing on the door and was stunned by the fall. Both father and mother thought him dead in the excitement of the moment; but the accustomed and cooler eyes of the doctor perceived the true state of affairs. Edward Rider forgot his disgust and rage as he devoted himself to the little patient—not that he loved the child more, but that the habits of his profession were strong upon him. When he had succeeded in restoring the little fellow to consciousness, the doctor threw a professional glance of inquiry round him to see who could be trusted. Then, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders and impatient exclamation, turned back to the table. Fred, shivering and helpless, stood by the fire, uttering confused directions, and rubbing miserably his own flabby hands; his wife, crying, scolding, and incapable, stood at the end of the table, offering no assistance, but wondering when ever Nettie would come back. Dr. Rider took the patient in his arms, and, beckoning Mrs. Smith to go before him, carried the child up-stairs. There the good mistress of the cottage listened to all his directions, and promised devoutly to obey him—to keep the room quiet, if she could—to tell everything he had said to Miss Nettie. He did not enter the desecrated parlor again when he came down-stairs. What was the use? He was glad to go out and escape the chance of a fraternal struggle. He went out into the cold night air all thrilling with excitement and agitation. It was not wonderful that a scene so strange should rouse many impatient thoughts in the young man's mind; but the most intolerable of these had the most trifling origin. That Fred should have smoked his pipe in Nettie's sitting-room, when she was out of the way, was not, after all, considering Fred's character, a very wonderful circumstance, but it exasperated his brother to a greater extent than much more important matters. That aggravation en-

tirely overpowered Edward Rider's self-control. It seemed the culmination of all the wrong and silent insolent injury inflicted upon Nettie. He saw the stain of these ashes on the little mantel-shelf, the rolling cloud of smoke in the room, and indignation burned yet higher and higher in his breast.

When the current of his thoughts was suddenly checked and stimulated by the sound of voices on the road. Voices, one of which was Nettie's, one the lofty, clerical accents of the Rev. Cecil Wentworth. The two were walking arm in arm in very confidential colloquy, as the startled and jealous doctor imagined. What were these two figures doing together upon the road? why did Nettie lean on the arm of that handsome young clerical coxcomb? It did not occur to Dr. Rider that the night was extremely dark, and that Nettie had been at Miss Wodehouse's, where the curate of St. Roque's was a perpetual visitor. With a mortified and jealous pang, totally unreasonable and totally irresistible, Edward Rider, only a moment before so fantastically extreme in Nettie's defence—in the defence of Nettie's very "image" from all vulgar contact and desecration—strode past Nettie now without word or sign of recognition. She did not see him, as he observed with a throbbing heart; she was talking to young Mr. Wentworth with all the haste and eagerness which Dr. Rider had found so captivating. She never suspected who it was that brushed past her with breathless, exasperated impatience in the darkness. They went on past him, talking, laughing lightly, under the veil of night, quite indifferent as to who heard them, though the doctor did not think of that. He, unreasonably affronted, galled, and mortified, turned his back upon that house, which at this present disappointed moment did not contain one single thing or person which he could dwell on with pleasure; and a hundred times more discontented, fatigued, and worn out—full of disgust with things in general, and himself and his own fate in particular—than he had been when he set out from the other end of Carlingford, went sulkily, and at a terrific pace, past the long garden-walls of Grange Lane, and all Dr. Majoribanks' genteel patients. When he had reached home, he found a message waiting him from an urgent invalid, whose

"case" kept the unhappy doctor up and busy for half the night. Such was the manner in which Edward Rider got through the evening—the one wonderful exceptional evening when Nettie went out to tea.

#### CHAPTER VII.

WITH the dawn of the morning, however, and the few hours' hurried rest which Edward Rider was able to snatch after his labors, other sentiments arose in his mind. It was quite necessary to see how the unlucky child was at St. Roque's Cottage, and perhaps what Nettie thought of all that had occurred during her absence. The doctor bethought himself, too, that there might be very natural explanations of the curate's escort. How else, to be sure, could she have got home on a dark winter night through that lonely road? Perhaps, if he himself had been less impatient and ill-tempered, it might have fallen to his lot to supersede Mr. Wentworth. On the whole, Dr. Rider decided that it was necessary to make one of his earliest calls this morning at St. Roque's.

It was a foggy, frosty day, brightened with a red sun, which threw wintry ruddy rays across the mist. Dr. Rider drew up somewhat nervously at the little Gothic porch. He was taken up-stairs to the bedroom where little Freddy lay moaning and feverish. A distant hum came from the other children in the parlor, the door of which, however, was fast closed this morning; and Nettie herself sat by the child's bedside—Nettie, all alert and vigorous, in the little room, which, homely as its aspect was, displayed even to the doctor's uninitiated glance a fastidious nicety of arrangement which made it harmonious with that little figure. Nettie was singing childish songs to solace the little invalid's retirement—the "fox that jumped up on a moonlight night," the "frog that would a-wooing go"—classic ditties of which the nursery never tires. The doctor, who was not aware that music was one of Nettie's accomplishments, stopped on the stairs to listen. And, indeed, she had not a great deal of voice, and still less science, Nettie's life having been too entirely occupied to leave much room for such studies. Yet somehow her song touched the doctor's heart. He forgave her entirely that walk with the curate. He

went in softly, less impatient than usual with her crazy Quixotism. A child—a sick child especially—was a bearable adjunct to the picture. A woman could be forgiven for such necessary ministrations—actually, to tell the truth, could be forgiven most follies she might happen to do, when one could have her to one's self, without the intervention of such dreary accessories as Susan and Fred.

"Thank you very much for your care of this child last night, Dr. Edward," said the prompt Nettie, laying down the large piece of very plain needlework in her hand. "I always said, though you don't make a fuss about the children, that you were quite to be relied on if anything should happen. He is feverish, but he is not ill; and so long as I tell him stories and keep beside him, Freddy is the best child in the world."

"More people than Freddy might be willing to be ill under such conditions," said the doctor, complimentary, but rueful. He felt his patient's pulse, and prescribed for him with a softened voice. He lingered and looked round the room, which was very bare, yet somehow was not like any of the rooms in *his* house. How was it?—there were no ornaments about, excepting that tiny little figure with the little head overlaid with such a wealth of beautiful hair. The doctor sighed. In this little sacred spot, where she was so clearly at her post,—or at least at a post which no other was at hand to take,—he could not even resent Nettie's self-sacrifice. He gave in to her here, with a sigh.

"Since you think he is not ill to speak of, will you drive me and the other children into Carlingford, Dr. Edward?" said the courageous Nettie. "It will be a pleasure for them, you know, and I shall be able to do my business without losing so much time; besides, I want to talk to you; I can see you will in your eyes. Go down, please, and talk to Mr. Smith, who has got a headache or something, and wants to see you. You need not trouble yourself seeing Susan, who is cross, of course. I don't wonder at her being cross; it must be very shocking, you know, to feel one's self of no use, whatever happens. Thank you; I shall be ready in a minute, as soon as you have done talking to Mr. Smith."

The doctor went down obediently, and in an unusual flutter of pleasure, to see the

master of the cottage—totally indifferent to the ailments of the virtuous Smith, and thinking only of Nettie and that drive to Carlingford, where, indeed, he should not have gone, had he considered the merely abstract matters of business and duty which led him entirely in a different direction. He was somewhat rudely recalled to himself when he went down-stairs. Smith had no headache, but only wanted to speak to the doctor about his lodgers, whose "ways" were sadly discomposing to himself and his wife.

"You saw how it was yourself last night, sir," said the troubled landlady. "Them hangings—you know the smoke goes through and through them. After leaving all the windows open this frosty morning, and a draught enough to give you your death, the place smells like I don't know what. If it wasn't for Miss I wouldn't put up with it for a day; and the gentleman's own room, doctor; if you was just to go in and see it—just put your head in and say good-morning—you'd believe me."

"I know all about it," said the doctor; "but Miss Underwood, Mrs. Smith?"

"There's where it is, sir," said the landlady. "I can't find it in my heart to say a word to Miss. To see how she do manage them all, to be sure! but for all that, doctor, it stands to reason as one can't spoil one's lodgings for a family as may be gone to-morrow—not except it's considered in the rent. It's more natural-like to speak to a gentleman like you as knows the world, than to a young lady as one hasn't a word to say against—the handiest, liveliest, managingest! Ah, doctor, she'd make a deal different a wife from her sister, that young lady would! though it isn't my part to say nothink, considering all things, and that you're relations, like; but Smith and me are both o' one mind about it, Dr. Rider—unless it's considered in the rent, or the gentleman drops smoking, or—"

"I hear Miss Underwood coming down-stairs," cried young Rider. "Next time I come we'll arrange it all. But not a word to *her*, remember—not a syllable; and go up-stairs and look after that poor child, there's a good soul—she trusts you while she is gone, and so do I. There, there! another time. I'll take the responsibility of satisfying you, Mrs. Smith," said the doctor in a prodigious hurry, ready to promise anything

in this incautious moment, and bolting out of their little dark back-room, which the local architect's mullions had converted into a kind of condemned cell. Nettie stood at the door, all ready for her expedition to Carlingford, with her two children, open-eyed and calmly inquisitive, but no longer noisy. Mrs. Fred was standing sulky at the parlor-door. The doctor took off his hat to her as he helped Nettie into the front seat of the drag, but took care not to approach nearer. The children were packed in behind, under charge of the little groom, and, with an exhilarating sensation of lawlessness in the present pleasure, Dr. Rider turned his back upon his duty and the patient who expected him a mile on the other side of St. Roque's, and drove, not too rapidly, into Carlingford.

"Mrs. Smith was talking to you of us," said Nettie, flashing her penetrating eyes upon the confused doctor. "I know she was—I could see it in her face this morning, and in yours when you came out of her room. Dreadful little dungeon, is it not? I wonder what the man meant, to build such a place. Do they want to turn us out, Dr. Edward, or do they want more rent? I am not surprised, I am sure, after last night. Was it not odious of Fred to go and smoke in the parlor, the only place we can have tidy? But it is no use speaking to him, you know; nor to Susan either, for that matter. Married people do stand up for each other so when you say a word, however they may fight between themselves. But is it more rent that they want, Dr. Edward? for I can't afford more rent."

"It is an abominable shame—you oughtn't to afford anything. It is too dreadful to think of!" cried the angry doctor, involuntarily touching his horse with his whip in the energy of the moment, though he was indeed in no hurry to reach Carlingford.

"Hush," said Nettie, lifting her tiny hand as though to put it to his incautious mouth, which, indeed, the doctor would not have objected to. "We shall quarrel on that subject if you say anything more, so it is better to stop at once. Nobody has a right to interfere with me: this is my business, and no one else has anything to do with it."

"You mistake," cried the doctor, startled out of all his prudences; "it ought to be my business quite as much as it is yours."

Nettie looked at him with a certain careless scorn of the inferior creature, "Ah, yes, I dare say; but then you are only a man," said Nettie; and the girl elevated that pretty drooping head, and flashed a whole torrent of brilliant reflections over the sombre figure beside her. He felt himself glow under the sudden radiance of the look. To fancy this wilful, imperious creature a meek, self-sacrificing heroine, was equally absurd and impossible. Was there any virtue at all in that dauntless enterprise of hers? or was it simple determination to have her own way?

"But not to quarrel," said Nettie, "for indeed you are the only person in the world I can say a word to about the way things are going on," she added, with a certain momentary softening of voice and twinkling of her eyelid, as if some moisture had gathered there. "I think Fred is in a bad way. I think he is muddling his brains with that dreadful life he leads. To think of a man that could do hundreds of things living like that! A woman, you know, can only do a thing or two here and there. If it were not wicked to say so, one would think almost that Providence forgot sometimes, and put the wrong spirit into a body that did not belong to it. Don't you think so? When I look at Fred I declare sometimes I could take hold of him and give him a good shake, and ask him what he means; and then it all seems so useless the very idea of expecting him to feel anything. I want to know what you said to him last night."

"Not much—not half so much as I meant to have said. To see him polluting your room!" cried the doctor, with a flush growing on his face, and breaking off abruptly, not quite able to conclude the sentence. Nettie gave him a shy upward glance, and grew suddenly crimson too.

"Did you mind?" said Nettie, with a momentary timidity, against the unexpected charm of which the unhappy doctor felt defenceless; then holding out her tiny hand to him with shy frankness, "thank you for caring so much for me," said the dauntless little girl, resolute not to perceive anything which could not be fully spoken out.

"Caring so much! I must speak to you; we can't go on like this, Nettie," cried the doctor, holding fast the little unfaltering hand.



"Oh, here is the place I am going to. Please don't; people might not understand, —though we are brother and sister in a kind of a way," said the little Australian. "Please, Dr. Edward, we must get out here."

For a moment Edward Rider hesitated with a wild intention of urging his horse forward and carrying her off anywhere, out of Carlingford, out of duty and practice and responsibility, and all those galling restraints of life which the noonday light and everyday sounds about, brought in with so entire a discord to break up this momentary hallucination. For half a minute only the doctor lingered on the borders of that fairy-land where time and duty are not, but only one ineffable moment always passing, never past. Then with a long sigh, the breath of which dispersed a whole gleaming world of visionary delights, he got down doggedly on the commonplace pavement. Ah, what a descent it was! the moment his foot touched these vulgar flags, he was once more the hard-worked doctor at everybody's command, with a fretful patient waiting for him a mile beyond St. Roque's; and all these dazzling moments, which had rapt the unfortunate young fellow into another world, were so much time lost to the prose figure that had to help Nettie down and let her go, and betake himself soberly about his own business. Perhaps Nettie felt it a little disenchanting when she was dropped upon the bare street, and went into the common shop, and saw the doctor's drag flash off in the red frosty sunshine with a darting movement of exasperation and impatience on the part of its aggravated driver. For once in her life Nettie felt disposed to be impatient with the children, who, unceremoniously ejected from their perch behind, were not in the most obedient frame of mind. The two young people possibly agreed in their mutual sentiment of disgust with other people's society just at that moment. However, there was no help for it. Dr. Rider galloped his horse to his patient's door, and took it out of that unlucky individual, who was fortunately strong enough to be able to bear sharp practice. Nettie, when she had made her little purchases, walked home smartly to sing "the fox jumped up on a moonlight night" to little Freddy in his bedroom. This kind of interlude, however, as all young

men and maidens ought to be aware, answers much better in the evening, when a natural interval of dreams interposes between it and the common work of existence. Nettie decided, thinking on it, that this would never do. She made up her mind not to have any more drives with the doctor. There was no telling what such proceedings might lead to. They were distinctly incompatible with the more serious business of her life.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

SUCH a parting, however, is sadly apt to lead to future meetings. Notwithstanding his smouldering quarrel with Fred, which was always ready to burst out afresh, Dr. Rider would not give up coming to St. Roque's. He came to some clandestine arrangement with Mrs. Smith, of which nobody ever was aware, and which he himself was rather ashamed of than otherwise; and he attended Freddy with the most dutiful exactness till the child was quite restored. But all this time Nettie put on a coat of armor, and looked so thoroughly unlike herself in her unusual reserve and propriety, that the doctor was heartily discouraged, and could go no further. Besides, it would not be positively correct to assert that—though he would gladly have carried her off in the drag anywhere, to the end of the world, in the enchantment of the moment—he was just as ready to propose setting up a new household, with Fred and his family hanging on to it as natural dependants. That was a step the doctor was not prepared for. Some people are compelled to take the prose concerns of life into full consideration even when they are in love, and Edward Rider was one of these unfortunate individuals. The boldness which puts everything to the touch to gain or lose was not in this young man. He had been put to hard encounters enough in his day, and had learned to trust little to chance or good fortune. He did not possess the boldness which disarms an adverse fate, nor that confidence in his own powers which smooths down wounded pride, and accounts even for failure. He was, perhaps it is only right to say, not very capable of heroism; but he was capable of seeing the lack of the heroic in his own composition, and of feeling bitterly his own self-reproaches, and the remarks of the world, which is always so ready to taunt the

very cowardice it creates. After that moment in which he could have dared anything for her and with her, it is sad to be obliged to admit that perhaps Dr. Edward too, like Nettie, withdrew a little from that climax of feeling. Not that his heart grew colder or his sentiments changed; but only that, in sight of the inevitable result, the poor young fellow paused and pondered, obeying the necessity of his nature. People who jump at conclusions, if they have to bear the consequences of folly often enough, are at least spared these preliminary heartaches. Dr. Rider, eager as love and youth could make him, was yet incapable of shutting his eyes to the precipice at his feet. That he despised himself for doing so, did not make the matter easier. These were the limits of his nature, and beyond them he could not pass.

Accordingly matters went on in this dangerous fashion for many weeks longer. The fire smouldered, strengthening its pent-up flames. Day by day malicious sprites of thought went out behind Dr. Rider in his drag, leading him into the wildest calculations, the most painful complication of schemes. If Fred and his family could only be persuaded to return to Australia, his brother thought—if any bribe within Edward's means could tempt the ruined man to such a step; and when he was there, why there was Providence to take care of the helpless unlovely household, and necessity might compel the wretched father to work for his children. Such were the vain projects that revolved and fermented through the doctor's agitated brain as he went among his patients. Luckily he had a very favorable and well-disposed lot of sick people at that crisis—they all got well in spite of the doctor, and gave their own special cases and his anxiety all the credit for his grave looks; and all these half-finished streets and rough new roads in the east end of Carlingford were sown thick with the bootless suggestions of Dr. Rider's love and fears. The crop did not show upon the vulgar soil, but gave lurking associations to every half-built street-corner which he passed in his rounds many a day after, and served at this present momentous era to confuse doubly the chaos of his thoughts.

At last one night the crisis came. Spring had begun to show faintly in the lengthen-

ing days—spring, that so often belies itself, and comes with a serpent's tooth. Dr. Rider on that particular day had met Dr. Marjoribanks at some meeting convened in the interests of Carlingford. The old physician had been very gracious and cordial to the young one—had spoken of his own declining health, of his possible retirement, of the excellent prospects which a rising young man in their profession had in Carlingford; and, finally, had asked Dr. Rider to go with him next day to see an interesting patient, and advise as to the treatment of the case.

The young doctor was more pleased than he could or would have told any one; and, with a natural impulse, seized the earliest moment to direct his steps towards St. Roque's.

It was twilight when Dr. Edward went down the long and rather tiresome line of Grange Lane. These garden-walls, so delicious in their bowery retirements within, were not interesting outside to the pedestrian. But the doctor's attention was so speedily riveted on two figures eagerly talking near Mr. Wodehouse's garden-door, that the long sweep of wall seemed but a single step to him as he hurried along. These two figures were unquestionably Nettie for one, and Mr. Wentworth for another. Handsome young coxcomb, with all his Puseyitical pretences! Was Lucy Wodehouse not enough for him, that he must have Nettie too? Dr. Rider hurried forward to interrupt that meeting. He was actually turning with her, walking slowly back again the very way he had just come! Edward's blood boiled in his impatient veins. He swept along in a whirlwind of sudden wrath. When he came up to them Nettie was talking low, and the curate's lofty head was bent to hear her in a manner which, it is probable, Lucy Wodehouse would no more have admired than Edward Rider. They came to a sudden pause, when he joined them, in that particular conversation. The doctor's dread civility did not improve matters. Without asking himself what cause he had, this amiable young man plunged into the wildest jealousy without pause or interval. He bestowed upon Nettie the most cutting looks, the most overwhelming politenesses. When the three had marched solemnly abreast down the road for some few minutes, the curate, perhaps with an intuition of fellow-

feeling, perceiving how the matter was, stopped short and said good-by. "I will make inquiries, and let you know next time I pass the cottage," said Mr. Wentworth; and he and the doctor took off their hats, not without deadly thoughts on one side at least. When the young clergyman left them, Nettie and her sulky cavalier went on in silence. That intrepid little woman was not in her usual spirits, it appeared. She had no talk for Dr. Edward, any more than he had for her. She carried a multiplicity of little parcels in her hands, and walked with a certain air of fatigue. The doctor walked on, stealing silent looks at her, till his heart melted. But the melting of his heart displayed itself characteristically. He would not come down from his elevation without suffering her to see how angry he was.

"I fear I interrupted an interesting conversation—I that have so little hope of equalling Mr. Wentworth. Priests are always infallible with women," said the doctor, betraying his ill-temper in vulgar sneers.

"I was asking him for some one to teach the boys," said Nettie. "Johnnie ought to have his education attended to now. Mr. Wentworth is very good-tempered, Dr. Edward. Though he was just going to knock at Miss Wodehouse's door when I met him, he offered, and would have done it if you had not come up, to walk home with me. Not that I wanted anybody to walk home with me; but it was very kind," said Nettie, with rising spirit.

"I am afraid I am a very poor substitute for Mr. Wentworth," said the jealous doctor, "and I don't pretend to be kind. But I am surprised to find Miss Underwood walking so late. This is not a road for a lady by herself."

"You know I don't mind in the least for the road," said Nettie, with a little indignation. "How wonderfully cross you are sometimes! If you are going as far as the cottage," she added, with a little sigh of fatigue, "will you please carry some of these things for me? I could not get out sooner, I have been so busy to-day. It is wonderful how much needlework it takes to keep three children going, and how many little jobs there are to do. If you take this parcel, carry it carefully, please: it is something for my bonnet. There! Don't be

absurd. I am quite able to walk by myself, thank you—I'd rather, please!"

This remonstrance was called forth by the fact that the relenting doctor, much moved by having the parcels confided to his care, had drawn the little hand which gave them within his arm, a proceeding which Nettie distinctly disapproved of. She withdrew her hand quietly, and walked on with much dignity by his side.

"I can carry your parcels," said Edward, after a little pause, "but you will not let me help yourself. You take the heaviest burdens upon your shoulders, and then will have no assistance in bearing them. How long are these children of Fred's—detestable little imps!—to work you to death?"

"You are speaking of *my* children, sir!" cried Nettie, with a little blaze of resentment. "But you don't mean it, Dr. Edward," she said, a moment after, in a slightly coaxing tone. "You are tired and cross after your day's work. Perhaps it will be best, if you are very cross, not to come down all the way to the cottage, thank you. I don't want you to quarrel with Fred."

"Cross! Nettie, you are enough to drive twenty men distracted," cried the poor doctor. "You know as well as I do what I have been dying to say to you these three months past; and to see you go on with these confounded children without so much as a glance for a fellow who—"

"Don't speak like that," cried Nettie, with brilliant female instinct; "you'll be sorry for it after; for you know, Dr. Edward, you have *not* said anything particular to me these three months past."

This touch gave the last exasperation to the agitated mind of the doctor. He burst forth into a passionate outbreak of love and anger, curiously mingled, but too warm and real to leave Nettie much coolness of observation under the circumstances. She took the advantage over him which a woman naturally does in such a case. She went on softly, trembling sufficiently to her own consciousness, but not to his, suffering him to pour out that torrent without interruption. She made no answer till the whole agitated self-disclosure was complete. In the interval she got a little command of herself, and was able to speak when it came to her turn.

"Dr. Edward," said Nettie, solemnly,

"you know it is impossible. If we cared for each other ever so much, what could we do? I am not free to—to make any change; and I know very well, and so do you, that you never could put up with Fred and Susan and the children, were things as you say ten times over. I don't mean I don't believe you. I don't mean I might not have been pleased had things been different. But you know it is just plainly impossible. You know your own temper and your own spirit—and perhaps you know mine as well. No, no—we cannot manage it anyhow, Dr. Edward," said Nettie, with a little sigh.

"Is this all you have to say to me?" cried the astonished lover.

"I am sure I do not know what else to say," said Nettie, with matter-of-fact distinctness. "I don't need to enter into all the business again, and tell you how things stand; you know as well as I do. One may be sorry, but one must do what one has to do all the same."

A painful pause followed. Nettie, with all her feminine acuteness, could not divine that this calm way of treating a business which had wrought her companion into such a pitch of passion, was the most humiliating and mortifying possible to a man in whose bosom love and pride were so combined. He tried to speak more than once, but could not. Nettie said nothing more—she was uneasy, but secure in the necessity of her own position. What else could she do or say?

"Then, I presume, this is my answer," said the doctor, at last gulping an amount of shame and anger which Nettie could not conceive of, and which the darkness concealed from her sight.

"O Dr. Edward, what can I say?" cried the girl; "you know it all as well as I do. I cannot change it with a word. I am very, very sorry," said Nettie, faltering and startled, waking to a sudden perception of the case all at once by reason of catching a sudden gleam of his eyes. They came to a dead stop opposite each other, she half frightened and confused, he desperate with love and rage and mortification. By this time they had almost reached the cottage door.

"Don't take the trouble to be sorry. I'll—oh, I'll get over it!" cried the doctor, with a sneer at himself and his passion, which

came out of the bitterness of his heart. Then, after a pause—"Nettie!" cried the young man—"Nettie! do you see what you are doing?—do you choose Fred and those wretched imps instead of your own life and mine? You are not so indifferent as you think you are. We will never get over it, neither you nor me. Nettie, once for all, is this all you have to say?"

"If I were to say all the words in the language," said Nettie, after a pause, with a breathless indistinctness and haste, "words will not change *things* if we should break our hearts."

The open door, with the light shining out from it, shined upon them at that moment, and Mrs. Smith waiting to let the young lady in. Neither of the two dared face that sudden gleam. The doctor laid down his parcels on the step, muttering something, which she could not distinguish, into Nettie's agitated ear, and vanished back again into the darkness. Only now was Nettie awaking to the sense of what had happened, and its real importance. Perhaps another minute, another word, might have made a difference—that other word and minute that are always wanting. She gazed out after him blankly, scarcely able to persuade herself that it was all over, and then went in with a kind of stupefied, stunned sensation, not to be described. Edward Rider heard the door shut in the calm silence, and swore fierce oaths in his heart over her composure and cold-heartedness. As usual, it was the woman who had to face the light and observation, and to veil her trouble. The man rushed back into the darkness, smarting with wounds which fell as severely upon his pride as upon his heart. Nettie went in, suddenly conscious that the world was changed, and that she had entered upon another life.

#### CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER life and a changed world! What small matters sometimes bring about that sudden disenchantment! Two or three words exchanged without much thought—one figure disappearing out of the landscape—and, lo! all the prismatic colors have faded from the horizon, and blank daylight glares upon startled eyes! Nettie had not, up to this time, entertained a suspicion of how distinct a place the doctor held in her limited firmament—she was totally unaware how



much exhilaration and support there was in his troubled, exasperated, impatient admiration. Now, all at once, she found it out. It was the same life, yet it was different. Her occupations were unchanged, her surroundings just what they used to be. She had still to tolerate Fred, to manage Susan, to superintend with steady economy all the expenditure of the strange little household. The very rooms and aspect of everything was the same; yet had she been suddenly transported back again to the Antipodes, life could not have been more completely changed to Nettie. She recognized it at once with some surprise, but without any struggle. The fact was too clearly apparent to leave her in any doubt. Nobody but herself had the slightest insight into the great event which had happened—nobody could know of it, or offer Nettie any sympathy in that unforeseen personal trial. In her youth and buoyant freshness, half contemptuous of the outside troubles which were no match for her indomitable heart, Nettie had been fighting against hard external circumstances for a great part of her valorous little life, and had not hesitated to take upon herself the heaviest burdens of outside existence. Such struggles are not hard when one's heart is light and sound. With a certain splendid youthful scorn of all these labors and drudgeries, Nettie had gone on her triumphant way, wearing her bonds as if they were ornaments. Suddenly, without any premonition, the heart had died out of her existence. A personal blow, striking with subtle force into that unseen centre of courage and hope, had suddenly disabled Nettie. She said not a word on the subject to any living creature—if she shed any tears over it, they were dropped in the darkness, and left no witness behind; but she silently recognized and understood what had happened to her. It was not that she had lost her lover—it was not that the romance of youth had glimmered and disappeared from before her eyes. It was not that she had ever entered, even in thought, as Edward Rider had done, into that life, glorified out of common existence, which the two could have lived together. Such was not the form which this extraordinary loss took to Nettie. It was her personal happiness, wonderful wine of life, which had suddenly failed to the brave little girl. Ah, the difference it made! Labors,

disgusts, endurances of all kinds! what cannot one undertake so long as one has that cordial at one's heart? When the endurance and the labor remain, and the cordial is gone, it is a changed world into which the surprised soul enters. This was what had happened to Nettie. Nobody suspected the sudden change which had passed upon everything. The only individual in the world who could have divined it, had persuaded himself in a flush of anger and mortification that she did not care. He consoled himself by elaborate avoidance of that road which led past St. Roque's—by bows of elaborate politeness when he encountered her anywhere in the streets of Carlingford—by taking a sudden plunge into such society as was open to him in the town, and devoting himself to Miss Marjoribanks, the old physician's daughter. Nettie was not moved by these demonstrations, which showed her sway still undiminished over the doctor's angry and jealous heart. She did not regard the petulant shows of offended indifference by which a more experienced young woman might have consoled herself. She had enough to do, now that the unsuspected stimulus of her life was withdrawn for the moment, to go on steadily without making any outward show of it. She had come to the first real trial of her strength and worthiness. And Nettie did not know what a piece of heroism she was enacting, nor that the hardest lesson of youthful life—how to go on stoutly without the happiness which that absolute essence of existence demands and will not be refused—was being taught her now. She only knew it was dull work just for the moment—a tedious sort of routine, which one was glad to think could not last forever; and so went on, the steadfast little soul, no one being any the wiser, upon that suddenly clouded, laborious way.

It is sad to be obliged to confess that Dr. Rider's conduct was nothing like so heroic. He, injured and indignant and angry, thought first of all of revenging himself upon Nettie—of proving to her that he would get over it, and that there were women in the world more reasonable than herself. Dr. Marjoribanks, who had already made those advances to the doctor which that poor young fellow had gone to carry the news of, not without elation of heart, on that memorable night, to St. Roque's, asked Edward to dinner a

few days after; and Miss Marjoribanks made herself very agreeable, with just that degree of delicate regard and evident pleasure in his society which is so soothing when one has met with a recent discomfiture. Miss Marjoribanks, it is true, was over thirty, and by no means a Titania. Edward Rider, who had retired from the field in Bessie Christian's case, and whom Nettie had rejected, asked himself savagely why he should not make an advantageous marriage now, when the chance offered. Old Marjoribanks' practice and savings, with a not unagreeable, rather clever, middle-aged wife—why should he not take it into consideration? The young doctor thought of that possibility with a certain thrill of cruel pleasure. He said to himself that he would make his fortune, and be revenged on Nettie. Whenever there was a chance of Nettie hearing of it, he paid the most devoted attentions to Miss Marjoribanks. Ready gossips took it up, and made the matter public. Everybody agreed it would be an admirable arrangement. "The most sensible thing I've heard of for years—step into the old fellow's practice, and set himself up for life—eh, don't you think so?—that's my opinion," said Mr. Wodehouse. Mr. Wodehouse's daughters talked over the matter, and settled exactly between themselves what was Miss Marjoribanks' age, and how much older she was than her supposed suitor, a question always interesting to the female mind. And it was natural that in these circumstances Nettie should come to hear of it all, in its full details, with the various comments naturally suggesting themselves thereupon. What Nettie's opinion was, however, nobody could ever gather; perhaps she thought Dr. Edward was justified in putting an immediate barrier between himself and her. At all events, she was perfectly clear upon the point that it could not have been otherwise, and that no other decision was possible to herself.

The spring lagged on accordingly, under these circumstances. Those commonplace unalterable days, varied in nothing but the natural fluctuations of making and mending, —those evenings with Fred sulky by the fire —always sulky, because deprived by Nettie's presence of his usual indulgences; or if not so, then enjoying himself after his dismal fashion in his own room, with most likely Susan bearing him company, and the little

maiden head of the house left all by herself in the solitary parlor, passed on one by one, each more tedious than the other. It seemed impossible that such heavy hours could last, and prolong themselves into infinitude, as they did; but still one succeeded another in endless hard procession. And Nettie shed back her silky load of hair, and pressed her tiny fingers on her eyes, and went on again, always dauntless. She said to herself, with homely philosophy, that this could not last very long; not with any tragical meaning, but with a recognition of the ordinary laws of nature which young ladies under the pressure of a first disappointment are not apt to recur to. She tried, indeed, to calculate in herself, with forlorn heroism, how long it might be expected to last, and, though she could not fix the period, endeavored to content herself with the thought that things must eventually fall into their natural condition. In the mean time it was slow and tedious work enough—but they did pass one after another, these inevitable days.

One night Nettie was sitting by herself in the parlor busy over her needlework. Fred and his wife, she thought, were up-stairs. They had left her early in the evening—Susan to lie down, being tired; Fred to his ordinary amusements. It was a matter of course, and cost Nettie no special thought. After the children went to bed, she sat all by herself, with her thread and scissors on the table, working on steadily and quietly at the little garment she was making. Her needle flew swift and nimbly; the sleeve of her dress rustled as she moved her arm; her soft breath went and came: but for that regular monotonous movement, and those faint steady sounds of life, it might have been a picture of domestic tranquillity and quiet, and not a living woman with aches in her heart. It did not matter what she was thinking. She was facing life and fortune—indomitable, not to be discouraged. In the silence of the house she sat late over her needlework, anxious to have some special task finished. She heard the mistress of the cottage locking up, but took no notice of that performance, and went on at her work, forgetting time. It got to be very silent in the house and without; not a sound in the rooms where everybody was asleep; not a sound outside, except an occasional rustle of the night wind through the bare willow-branches

—deep night, and not a creature awake but herself, sitting in that intense and throbbing silence. Somehow there was a kind of pleasure to Nettie in the isolation which was so impossible to her at other hours. She sat rapt in that laborious quiet as if her busy fingers were under some spell.

When suddenly she heard a startled motion up-stairs, as if some one had got up hastily; then a rustling about the room overhead, which was Susan's room. After awhile, during which Nettie, restored by the sound to all her growing cares, rose instantly to consideration of the question, What had happened now? the door above was stealthily opened, and a footstep came softly down the stair. Nettie put down her work and listened breathlessly. Presently Susan's head peeped in at the parlor door. After all, then, it was only some restlessness of Susan's. Nettie took up her work, impatient, perhaps almost disappointed, with the dead calm in which nothing ever happened. Susan came in stealthy, pale, trembling with cold and fright. She came forward to the table in her white night-dress like a faded ghost. "Fred has never come in," said Susan, in a shivering whisper; "is it very late? He promised he would only be gone an hour. Where *can* he have gone, Nettie, Nettie? Don't sit so quiet and stare at me. I fell asleep, or I should have found it out sooner; all the house is locked up, and he has never come in."

"If he comes we can unlock the house," said Nettie. "When did he go out, and why didn't you tell me? Of course I should have let Mrs. Smith know, not to frighten her; but I told Fred pretty plainly last time that we could not do with such hours. It will make him ill if he does not mind. Go to bed, and I'll let him in."

"Go to bed! it is very easy for you to say so; don't you know it's the middle of the night, and as dark as pitch, and my husband out all by himself?" cried Susan. "O Fred, Fred! after all the promises you made, to use me like this again! Do you think I can go up-stairs and lie shivering in the dark, and imagining all sorts of dreadful things happening to him? I shall stay here with you till he comes in."

Nettie entered into no controversy. She got up quietly and fetched a shawl, and put it round her shivering sister; then sat down

again and took up her needlework. But Susan's excited nerves could not bear the sight of that occupation. The rustle of Nettie's softly moving hand distracted her. "It sounds always like Fred's step on the way," said the fretful anxious woman. "O Nettie, Nettie! do open the end window and look out; perhaps he is looking for the light in the windows to guide him straight! It is so dark! Open the shutters, Nettie, and, oh, do look out and see! Where do you suppose he can have gone to? I feel such a pang at my heart, I believe I shall die."

"Oh, no, you will not die," said Nettie. "Take a book and read, or do something. We know what is about the worst that will happen to Fred. He will come home *like that*, you know, as he did before. We can't mend it, but we need not break our hearts over it. Lie down on the sofa, and put up your feet and wrap the shawl round you if you won't go to bed. I can fancy all very well how it will be. It is nothing new, Susan, that you should break your heart."

"It's you that have no feeling. O Nettie, how hard you are! I don't believe you know what it is to love anybody," said Susan. "Hark! is that some one coming now?"

They thought some one was coming fifty times in the course of that dreadful lingering night. Nobody came; the silence closed in deeper and deeper around the two silent women. All the world—everything round about them, to the veriest atom—seemed asleep. The cricket had stopped his chirrup in the kitchen, and no mouse stirred in the slumbering house. By times Susan dozed on the sofa, shivering, notwithstanding her shawl, and Nettie took up her needlework for the moment to distract her thoughts. When Susan started from these snatches of slumber, she importuned her sister with ceaseless questions and entreaties. Where had he gone?—where did Nettie imagine he could have gone?—and oh, would she go to the window and look out to see if any one was coming, or put the candle to the window to guide him, if perhaps he might have lost the way? At last the terrible pale dawn came in and took the light out of Nettie's candle. The two looked at each other, and acknowledged with a mutual start that the night was over. They had watched these long hours through with sentiments

very different; now a certain thrill of sympathy drew Nettie nearer to her sister. It was daylight again, remorseless and uncompromising, and where was Fred who loved the darkness? He had little money and less credit in the limited place where himself and his story were known. What could have become of him? Nettie acknowledged that there was ground for anxiety. She folded up her work and put out her candle, and promptly took into consideration what she could do.

"If you will go to bed, Susan, I shall go out and look for him," said Nettie. "He might have stumbled in the field and fallen asleep. Men have done such things before now, and been none the worse for it. If you will go and lie down, I'll see after it, Susan. Now it's daylight, you know, no great harm can happen to him. Come and lie down, and leave me to look for Fred."

"But you don't know where to go, and he won't like to have you going after him. Nettie, send to Edward," said Susan; "he ought to come and look after his brother; he ought to have done it all through, and not to have left us to manage everything; and he hasn't even been to see us for ever so long. But send to Edward, Nettie, it's his business. For Fred won't like to have you going after him, and you don't know where to go."

"Fred must have me going after him whether he likes it or no," said Nettie, sharply, "and I shall not send to Dr. Edward. You choose to insult him whenever you can, and then you think it is his business to look after his brother. Go to bed, and leave it to me. I can't leave you shivering here, to catch something, and be ill, and laid up for weeks. I want to get my bonnet on, and to see you in bed. Make haste, and come up-stairs with me."

Susan obeyed with some mutterings of inarticulate discontent. The daylight, after the first shock of finding that the night was really over, brought some comfort to her foolish heart. She thought that as Nettie said "no more harm" could come to him; he must be sleeping somewhere, the foolish fellow. She thought most likely Nettie was right, and that she had best go to bed to consume the weary time till there could be something heard of him; and Nettie, of course, would find it all out.

Such was the arrangement accordingly. Susan covered herself up warm, and lay thinking all she should say to him when he come home, and how she certainly never would again let him go out and keep it secret from Nettie. Nettie, for her part, bathed her hot eyes, put on her bonnet, and went out, quietly undoing all the bolts and bars, into the chill morning world, where nobody was yet awake. She was a little uncertain which way to turn, but no way uncertain of her business. Whether he had gone into the town, or towards the low quarter by the banks of the canal, she felt it difficult to conclude. But remembering her own suggestion that he might have stumbled in the field, and fallen asleep there, she took her way across the misty grass. It was still spring, and a little hoar-frost crisped the wintry sod. Everything lay forlorn and chill under the leaden morning skies—not even an early market-cart disturbed the echoes. When the cock crew somewhere, it startled Nettie. She went like a spectre across the misty fields, looking down into the ditches and all the inequalities of the way. On the other side lay the canal, not visible, except by the line of road that wound beside it, from the dead flat around. She bent her steps in that direction, thinking of a certain mean little tavern which, somehow, when she saw it, she had associated with Fred—a place where the men at the door looked slovenly and heated, like Fred himself, and lounged with their hands in their pockets at noon of working-days. Some instinct guided Nettie there.

But she had no need to go so far. Before she reached that place the first sounds of life that she had yet heard attracted Nettie's attention. They came from a boat which lay in the canal, in which the bargemen seemed preparing to start on their day's journey. Some men were leisurely leading forward the horses to the towing-path, while two in the boat were preparing for their start inside. All at once a strange cry rang into the still chill air—such a cry as startles all who can hear it. The men with the horses hurried forward to the edge of the canal, the bargemen hung over the side of their boat; visible excitement rose among them about something there. Nettie, never afraid, was less timid than ever this morning. Without thinking of the risk of trust-



ing herself with these rude fellows alone, she went straight forward into the midst of them with a curiosity for which she could scarcely account; not anxiety, only a certain wonder and impatience, possessed her to see what they had here.

What they had there?—not a man—a dreadful drowned image, all soiled and swollen—a squalid tragic form, immovable, never to move more. Nettie did not need to look at the dread, uncovered, upturned face. The moment she saw the vague shape of it rising against the side of the boat, a heap of dead limbs, recognizable only as something human, the terrible truth flashed upon Nettie. She had found not him, but It. She saw nothing more for one awful moment—heaven and earth reeling and circling around her, and a horror of darkness on her eyes. Then the cold light opened up again—the group of living creatures against the colorless skies, the dead creature staring and ghastly, with awful dead eyes gazing blank into the shuddering day. The girl steadied herself as she could on the brink of the sluggish current, and collected her thoughts. The conclusion to her search, and answer to all her questions, lay, not to be doubted or questioned, before her. She dared not yield to her own horror or grief or dismay. Su-

san sleeping, unsuspecting, in full trust of his return—the slumbering house into which this dreadful figure must be carried—obliterated all personal impressions from Nettie's mind. She explained to the amazed group who and what the dead man was—where he must be brought to—instantly, silently, before the world was awake. She watched them lay the heavy form upon a board, and took off her own shawl to conceal it from the face of day. Then she went on before them, with her tiny figure in its girlish dress, like a child in the shadow of the rough but pitying group that followed. Nettie did not know why the wind went so chill to her heart after she had taken off her shawl. She did not see the unequal sod under her feet as she went back upon that dread and solemn road. Nothing in the world but what she had to do occupied the throbbing heroic heart. There was nobody else to do it. How could the girl help but execute the work put into her hand? Thinking neither of the hardship nor the horror of such dread work falling to her lot, but only this, that she must do it, Nettie took home to the unconscious sleeping cottage that thing which was Fred Rider: no heavier on his bearers' hands to-day than he had been already for years of his wasted life.

**SUBSTITUTE FOR LEATHER.**—Not the least remarkable feature of the present day is the almost universal application of a new discovery, intended, perhaps, to supply a want in one particular branch of industry. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that M. Szerelmey has adapted his process of indurating stone to other substances, and as an instance of this in the Houses of Parliament alone, where its first trial took place, it is used also to prevent rust. Wood, too, is subject to the "Zopissa" process, and last year it was found to act wonderfully on calico, cloth, moleskin, etc., rendering them water-proof, and capable of being worked up into most wonderful imitations of the varieties of dressed leather. This last application has recently been patented, and a company is now being formed for the manufacture of boots and shoes, of which the upper leathers are to be made of this new material, which, soft to the foot, adapting itself like a glove, is not liable to crack or shrink, is impervious to wet, and permits the perspiration to pass off. Other improvements, too, in the manufacture itself, are introduced. The sole is divided along the side, leaving the upper portion of it to protect the foot from the rivets, and the hard side of the leather

too is lowest, leaving the soft side (the "sucker" propensities of which we have, doubtless, all proved experimentally) to be presented to the foot to absorb its moisture, and not to the ground as is now done. This new material, and the improvements we have mentioned will, no doubt, recommend themselves, and from the cheapness of the former a great reduction in the price of boots and shoes may be expected.

God save me, great John Bull!  
Long keep my pocket full!  
God save John Bull!

Ever victorious,  
Haughty, vain-glorious,  
Snobbish, censorious,  
God save John Bull.

O lords, our gods arise!  
"Tax" all our enemies,  
Make tariffs fall!

Confound French politics,  
Frustrate all Russian tricks,  
Get Yankees in a fix,  
God bless them all.

[*Sinistra manu.*]



From The Spectator, 2 Nov.

#### HOW TO PROCURE CHEAP COTTON.

THE strongest objection entertained by the English friends of the South to sudden emancipation is, we believe, a secret one. They fear that the slave once emancipated would not work, and that without his labor cheap American cotton would be an impossibility. We would recommend all such doubters to peruse a short and exceedingly plain-spoken pamphlet on the question, just issued by Mr. E. Atkinson, an American cotton-spinner. It will not take them an hour, and we are greatly mistaken as to the effect of argument on minds rendered keen by self-interest if it does not disabuse them at once and forever of that special form of delusion. They may still believe slavery patriarchal, planters benevolent despots, and the negroes serfs, just "passing through a period of real and gradual civilization," but at all events they will cease to assert that cotton cannot be cultivated without the negro. They will, we feel certain, commence the task still more readily if we tell them that the pamphlet is a simple business-like production; that it has no allusions to the "glorious eagle of our common country, which soars above the Alleghanies with a thunderbolt in its mouth and an earthquake in its claws;" that it contains only one reference to the American constitution, and that one slightly contemptuous; that nothing is said of the inherent superiority of republican institutions; and that, in short, it is as little like an American pamphlet as vigorous common sense, sound judgment, and good temper can make it. The writer starts with the belief that the war must end in emancipation, forcible or gradual, and accepts at once the extremest consequences of that grand result. He does not himself believe that the free blacks will cease to work, for they must live, and as the "proportion of colored paupers and criminals to the colored population in Boston and New York is only about half that of the whites," he naturally does not imagine that they will resort to crime. But he accepts the extremest view prejudice can suggest, and argues as if all black men were irredeemably lazy, and would, on emancipation, live like Carlyle's enemies, the black laborers of Jamaica, "up to their ears in squash." And

even then cotton will be produced still cheaper than of old.

The cost of each negro to the planter, as things stand, is now, per annum—

Interest on a good field hand, value	
\$1,500, at 8 per cent, . . . . .	\$120.00
Insurance 2 per cent, . . . . .	30.00
Food, clothing, medicines, and hospital treatment, . . . . .	90.00
	<hr/>
	\$240.00

This account charges the rate of interest planters actually pay for money, and assumes the highest value for a good slave, but omits all mention of negro houses, repairs to buildings, cost of tools, salaries of overseers, salaries of white men to do the skilled labor, the keep of the young, the maintenance of the old, and the loss of interest on all except able-bodied hands and breeding women. It shows that every able-bodied slave costs twenty dollars a month, or twenty-two shillings a week—an income which would be wealth to the two millions of able-bodied mean trash, or sufficient to attract the unskilled laboring class of the North, or to draw over hosts of emigrants; it is, however, not half the rate the planter can afford to pay. By the universal consent of all parties, slave-owners included, one white man, without an overseer, does the work three slaves can accomplish with one. Taking that statement to be only two-thirds true—and it makes no account of the colossal loss sustained through the habitual wastefulness of four millions of slaves—the planter could still pay 44s. a week, and, with cotton at 5d. a pound, still flourish and grow rich. It is useless to argue that the white trash will not work. They will not without pay, or on the wretched soil to which the monopoly of good land by the great planters condemns them, but they work hard enough in the Free States. Admitting, however, even that extraordinary libel on the South, there remains the broad fact that the planter can pay a wage equal to the ordinary profit of gold-digging, and prosper.

But, granting the wages, it is said white men cannot work in the South. The plain answer to that fallacy is, that they do do it; that in the extreme South there are at this hour 800,000 free whites, over fifteen years of age, exclusively engaged in out-of-door

agricultural labor. The exact numbers are:—

In Georgia,	93,000	Louisiana,	25,000
Alabama,	75,000	Tennessee,	132,000
Mississippi,	56,000	Florida,	8,000
Texas,	48,000	Arkansas,	34,000
South Carolina, 48,000.			

And they do not die of it. Some of the cities of the South, full of vice and open drains, are indeed fatal to health, but the cotton lands are unsurpassed for salubrity, and the death-rate is lower among whites than blacks. "The land required for cotton culture is a light sandy loam, easily worked, the plowing being done with a light plow driven by one or two mules, at a quick walk; the cultivation similar to that of corn, and as capable of being carried on by improved machinery, instead of the universal hoe now used by the slaves. The space required for each plant varies, according to the richness of the soil, but by July 1st the ground is fully covered. During the period of extreme heat little attention is required, and while Northern laborers are sweltering in the hay-field, under a sun as intense as in the South, the cotton-planter merely watches the growth of the plant. The work of picking requires nimble fingers and the close attention of all hands, men, women, and children. It is continued through the cool autumn, and in favorable seasons far into the winter. One of the great drawbacks to slave cultivation is the want of a more dense population, from which to draw an extra force during the picking season, and fields white with unpicked cotton are not seldom ploughed up to make ready for the planting of the new crop. This would not occur under the small allotment system of free labor.

If, then, the white man can work on cotton lands as safely as the black man, and the planter can afford wages certain to attract free labor, what imperils the cotton? We shall be asked where the planter is to get capital to pay wages, and we answer, just where he gets it now—from the cotton-factor, who now helps him to buy the black, whose cost amounts to fair wages. Mr. Atkinson may well demand the extension of freedom over a soil so attractive to the emigrant population of the North. Take the

case of a man—a real case—who recently settled in Texas, and determined to grow cotton for himself. He had two sons, no slaves, no servants, and only a little land, but he "raised" twenty-two bales, or say ten thousand pounds of cotton, value \$1,000, besides his food. In other words, he made a profit of £250 a year. That is not precisely the prospect at which a keen Yankee laborer or industrious German emigrant is in the smallest degree likely to sneer. And this crop was raised off new land, with no buildings, and only settled just as wheat land is settled, by the emigrants.

We have said nothing whatever of the difference in product to be caused by a better agriculture. The Southern planter scarcely uses the plow, and breaks new land to avoid manure. He wastes a third of his crop, the seed, which gives excellent soap and most valuable oil, and of scientific processes he never hears. Mr. Atkinson enters into all these details, but we prefer the broad simple facts which contain in themselves the whole case; viz., that the planter now pays for slave labor wages which would attract the white, and that the white man could work as safely as the black on the cotton lands.

We must make one more extract from Mr. Atkinson. It is a dry column of figures, but it is nevertheless worth a cursory glance from those who believe slavery to be at worst an evil necessity:—

	Sq. miles.	Free negroes, 1860.	Av. sq. m.
Delaware,	2,120	19,723	9.30
Maryland,	11,124	83,718	7.52
	13,244	103,441	7.81
	Sq. miles.	Slaves in 1860.	Av. to sq. m.
S. Carolina,	29,385	402,541	13.70
Georgia,	58,000	462,230	7.97
Florida,	59,268	61,753	1.04
Alabama,	50,722	135,132	8.57
Mississippi,	47,156	436,696	9.26
Louisiana,	41,255	332,520	8.06
Texas,	237,504	180,388	.77
Arkansas,	52,198	111,104	2.13
	575,488	2,422,364	4.21
		Free negroes.	
Isl. of Barbadoes,	166	124,000	747.
Av. value of land in Barbadoes,		\$500 per acre.	
Av. prod. sugar per hand in do.		Slave, 1,043 lbs.	
		Free, 3,660 lbs.	
Av. cost of sugar per hhd.,		Slave, \$50	
		Free, 20	

*Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,

JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor.

A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

THE examples of the Fathers, and the dictates of piety and gratitude, summon the people of Massachusetts, at this, the harvest season, crowning the year with the rich proofs of the Wisdom and Love of God, to join in a solemn and joyful act of united Praise and Thanksgiving to the Bountiful Giver of every good and perfect gift.

I do, therefore, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-first day of November next, the same being the anniversary of that day in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and twenty, on which the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, on board the Mayflower, united themselves in a solemn and written compact of government, to be observed by the people of Massachusetts as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. And I invoke its observance by all people with devout and religious joy.

"Sing aloud unto God, our strength; make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

"Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery.

"Blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day.

"For this was a statute for Israel; and a law of the God of Jacob.—Psalms 81: 1—4.

"O, bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard;

"Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

"For thou, O God, hath proved us; thou hast tried us, as silver is tried."—Psalms 66: 8, 9.

Let us rejoice in God and be thankful, for the fulness with which he has blessed us in our basket, and in our store, giving large rewards to the toil of the husbandman, so that "our paths drop fatness;"

For the many and gentle alleviations of the hardships, which, in the present time of public disorder, have afflicted the various pursuits of industry;

For the early evidence of the reviving energies of the business of the people;

For the measures of success which has attended the enterprise of those who go

down to the sea in ships, of those who search the depths of the ocean to add to the food of men, and of those whose busy skill and handicraft combine to prepare for various use the crops of the earth and the sea;

For the advantages of sound learning, placed within the reach of all the children of the people, and the freedom and alacrity with which these advantages are embraced and improved;

For the opportunities of religious instruction and worship, universally enjoyed by consciences untrammelled by any human authority;

For "the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and the hope of glory."

And with one accord, let us bless and praise God for the oneness of heart, mind, and purpose in which he has united the people of this ancient Commonwealth for the defence of the rights, liberties, and honor of our beloved country.

May we stand forever in the same mind, remembering the devoted lives of our fathers, the precious inheritance of freedom received at their hands, the weight of glory which awaits the faithful, and the infinity of blessing which it is our privilege, if we will, to transmit to the countless generations of the future.

And, while our tears flow in a stream of cordial sympathy with the daughters of our people, just now bereft, by the violence of the wicked and rebellious, of the fathers, and husbands, and brothers, and sons, whose heroic blood has made verily sacred the soil of Virginia, and, mingling with the waters of the Potomac, has made the river now and forever ours; let our souls arise to God on the wings of praise, in thanksgiving that he has again granted to us the privilege of living unselfishly, and of dying nobly, in a grand and righteous cause;

For the precious and rare possession of so much devoted valor and manly heroism;

For the sentiment of pious duty which distinguished our fallen in the camp and in the field;

And for the sweet and blessed consolations which accompany the memories of these dear sons of Massachusetts on to immortality.

And in our praise let us also be penitent. Let us "seek the truth and ensue it," and

prepare our minds for whatever duty shall be manifested hereafter.

May the controversy in which we stand, be found worthy in its consummation of the heroic sacrifices of the people, and the precious blood of their sons, of the doctrine and faith of the fathers, and consistent with the honor of God, and with justice to all men. And,

"Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him flee before him.

"As smoke is driven away, so drive them away."—Psalms 68: 1, 2.

"Scatter them by thy power, and bring

them down, O, Lord, our shield."—Psalms 59: 11.

Given at the Council Chamber, this thirty-first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and the eighty-sixth of the Independence of the United States of America.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

OLIVER WARNER, *Secretary*.

*God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.*

KING COTTON'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEGRO MELODY—"Poor Old Ned."

Oh, I once was free as air, I could travel anywhere,

To my Manchester well welcomed I could go: Now I'm bound by a blockade, and in prison I am laid,

Though I ruin those who keep me there I know.

*Burden.* Then lay down the rifle and the bow—ie knife: and take up the shovel and the hoe: Cease your fratricidal war, and let King Cotton go once more

To the countries where King Cotton ought to go.

By the Navy of the North I am kept from going forth,

And to smuggle me all efforts are in vain: While the sages of the South hope by Europe's cotton drouth

Intervention in their favor they may gain.

*Burden.* Oh, lay down the rifle, &c.

To North then and to South I appeal by *Punch* his mouth,

To cease fighting and to set King Cotton free: Blood and treasure both may waste that can never be replaced,

But they'll ne'er be brought together, save by me.

*Burden.* So lay down the rifle and the bow—ie knife: and take up the shovel and the hoe: Cease your fratricidal war, and let King Cotton go once more

To the countries where King Cotton waits to go.

—*Punch*, 2d Nov.

"THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE."—The French Swells have hit upon an invention in the *carte de visite* line, intended to prevent imitation by the masses. The lucky possessor or lessee of a country seat, has a view of it photographed

on his cards, and uses no inscription whatever. The portrait system has become low, for everybody has a face, or what by a stretch of courtesy may be called one. But few people, comparatively, have country seats. So here is an invention for the exclusives. We shall probably see it adopted in England. Eaton Hall will call upon Castle Howard, and Holland House leaves a card with Pembroke Lodge. The plan, however, will necessitate the binding up a huge series of Country Houses with one's "Where Is It?" for it will be awkward to make mistakes, and fancy that the photograph on your hall-table is Broadlands, when it is Hughenden Manor, or *vice versa*, when you are in hopes of being invited to the counsels of your Sovereign by the party leader, and equally awkward to go flourishing about a picture of what used to be called Denman Priory, and showing it to your friends as proof of a visit from Knowsley or Chatsworth. There will be no mistakes about *Mr. Punch's* cards; first, because he never leaves any; and secondly, because the immortal window in Fleet Street is as well known as the front of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon; but he recommends to his Swell friends, if they intend to adopt the plan, a course of careful study of what Mr. Disraeli in *Popanilla* cleverly calls the sciences of Architecture and Parkitecture. —*Punch*.

GOOD ADVICE.—A few weeks ago a young foreigner made himself remarkable at one of the *rouge-et-noir* tables, in Baden Baden, by his reckless and desperate gambling. For many hours in succession he had invariably lost upon every point on which he had ventured. At length, taking a single golden Napoleon between his finger and thumb, he showed it to the croupier. "Here," said he, "is the last piece of gold of which I am now the owner. Where, my friend, would you advise me to put it?" "Monsieur," replied the croupier, "as you ask my opinion, and appeal to me as a friend, and tell me that it is your last Napoleon, my advice to you is to put it—in your pocket."

From The New York Evening Post.

*Some of the Mistakes of Educated Men; a Biennial Address at Pennsylvania College. By John S. Hart, Esq. Philadelphia: C. Iberman & Son. 1861.*

HERE we have much good sense, conveyed in simple and terse language, yet with evident honesty of conviction and an earnestness of purpose which easily warms into the most persuasive eloquence. Mr. Hart does not forget that he is addressing young educated men, and he gives them, in a familiar way, the best results of his own studies and experience. His advice to them embraces four or five topics, which are all urged with force and illustrated with grace. First in place, as in importance, is the necessity for the care of bodily health, of which he says:—

“My first advice, then, to young men pursuing or completing a course of liberal studies is, take care of your bodily health. Without this your intellectual attainments will be shorn of more than half their value. I dwell upon this point, and emphasize it, because on every side of me, in professional life, and especially in the clerical profession, I see so many helpless, hopeless wrecks. Verily there is some grievous mistake among us in this matter. Whether it be our climate, or our habits of student life, or our social and domestic habits, I am not prepared to say. But of the fact I make no doubt. Our educated men do not achieve half that they might achieve for the want of the necessary physical vigor. It is painful to see the dyspeptic, sore-throated, attenuated, cadaverous specimens of humanity that student-life so often produces among us—men afraid of a puff of air, afraid of the heat, afraid of the cold, afraid to eat a piece of pie or good roast beef—men obliged to live on stale bread and molasses, who take cold if they get wet, who must make a reconnaissance of a room to see that they can secure a place out of a draft before they dare to take a seat—men who by dint of coaxing and nursing and pampering drag out a feeble existence for a few short years, and then drop into a premature grave—martyrs to intellectual exertion!

“I do not recommend the fox-hunting carousals of the old time English clergy. We need not go back to the material apotheosis of the classical ages. But verily we have something to learn in this matter. We have to learn that high mental exertion taxes most

severely the life-force. We have to learn that the man of superior intellect, who puts forth his power with resolute vigor, requires more bodily health and force to sustain the strain than an ordinary laboring man does. Instead of being pale, delicate, feeble, and sickly, the student needs to be stalwart and hardy. He should have tougher thews and stronger sinews, and a more vigorous pulse than the man who merely plows the soil. He need not have the brawn and bone of the athlete and the gladiator. He need not be a Spartacus or a Heenan. But he should be of all men a man of good, sound, vigorous, working bodily health.”

He then passes to the importance of the habit of being beforehand in whatever you undertake, to the necessity of holding on to the calling one chooses, to the value of some fresh intellectual acquisitions every day, to the beneficial effects of a varied and liberal culture apart from one's speciality, and the propriety of cultivating the art of conversation. On the latter head he says truly:—

“Excuse my dwelling a little on this point. There is among our best educated men, I am sorry to say, a large amount of *vis inertiae* in regard to this matter of conversation. Very many such persons are disposed to rely for their success and their position in society solely upon their professional skill and industry. General conversation is a bore to them. They have never duly considered the advantages it might bring them. They are disposed to leave all that to those more ambitious of social distinction. When they are in company, they speak, indeed, if appealed to, or if it comes entirely in their way to do so, but they feel no responsibility for keeping conversation afloat. Allow me to say, gentlemen, this is all wrong. Independently of all considerations of interest and policy, there is a clear duty in this matter. Every man who mingles in the society of his fellows is bound to contribute his quota to the common entertainment, just as much as in a joint excursion of any kind he would be bound to pay his share of the reckoning. Educated men, beyond all others, should settle it as a clear duty to learn how to talk well in company. Conversation is an art; but it is an art which can be acquired, and depend upon it no acquisition gives a surer or more ample return for the amount of effort needed.”



From The Saturday Review, 2 Nov.

## VISCOUNT MONCK.

THE Canadians will learn, by this week's mail, with feelings of qualified satisfaction, that rumor has not exaggerated the intensity of Lord Palmerston's devotion to his friends. Tuesday's *Gazette* announces that Lord Mulgrave is no longer the only whipper-in to whom the colonies have been made to pay a rich reward for useful, though humble, services in the lobbies of the House of Commons. Setting aside the antiquated notion that the power of governing is a useful accomplishment in a governor, this disposal of patronage is not unnatural. It is very difficult to know what to do with whippers-in. They are selected exclusively for their social qualities—in fact, any higher capacity would unfit them for their duties; and in this hard prosaic world the rewards of social amiability are few. Occasionally, they are shelved in some cosy corner of a public office. But the English public are too keenly interested in the exercise of domestic patronage to permit this to be a very safe proceeding. It is better to ship them off to some refuge beyond the seas, where distance may lend obscurity to the view. It is a far cry from Canada to England; and nobody reads colonial newspapers in London. Even if any importunate enthusiast should try to excite the indignation of the House of Commons, it is always easy to rescue him, as Colonel Gore Browne has been rescued, by the safe and simple machinery of a count-out. With so much to be said in its favor, and two successive precedents to establish it, there can be little doubt that the claim of subordinate whippers-in to colonial governorships will become part of our unwritten constitutional law. It is said that Mr. Knatchbull-Huguessen has already applied for the reversion of Australia when it falls in; and if there should be a change of government, we understand that, in conformity with Lord Palmerston's new standard of qualification, Lord Henry Lennox's claim to the governor-generalship of India is regarded in Conservative circles as indefeasible.

If a governor were merely a sort of idol a rude representation of distant royalty, set up to enable the colonists to exercise their loyal feelings without too great an effort of imagination—we should take no exception to this new system of appointments. If he

were no more than the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is,—a well-dressed lay figure in the centre of a mimic court,—the want of intellectual power would be a positive recommendation. An apprenticeship under Sir William Hayter was perhaps the fittest schooling for a post of mere representation that can be conceived. There is no better preparation for the duty of flattering intractable colonists than the duty of wheedling malcontent M.P.'s. Unfortunately, the duties of governors extend rather beyond this range. Recent experience in New Zealand has given us a costly warning of a governor's power for good or evil over the lives and fortunes of our fellow-subjects, and over our own finances. The Government in Downing Street have felt the full gravity of the emergency, and have endeavored to atone for the careless patronage to which Colonel Browne owes the post he lately held by promptly superseding him, and sending the ablest administrator in the whole colonial service to fill his place. Even with this assistance, we shall be fortunate if we escape the reproach and the burden of an internecine war of races. But the troubles of New Zealand are a pastime compared to the difficulties that await the new governor-general of Canada; and Colonel Browne is a Richelieu compared to the whipper-in who has been sent to meet them. A greater complication of perplexities and dangers never before greeted a young aspirant trying his 'prentice-hand at government for the first time. There is the hatred of the Americans, which he must guard against, and yet not provoke; there is the Abolitionism of the colonists, which he must humor, and yet curb; and there is the changeable policy of his chiefs at home, to which he must be always ready, at the first hint, to adapt his own. Colonel Rankin's arrest and Mr. Seward's Circular indicate, with sufficient clearness, the explosive nature of the materials over which Lord Monck will have to watch. Nothing is more difficult than to preserve at once the inaction and the immunities of a neutral in the immediate neighborhood of two embittered combatants. All along the enormous frontier of the valley of the St. Lawrence, and throughout the whole expanse of the ocean in which the rival privateers are cruising and Canadian vessels may be trading, occasions

for dispute and provocations to collision will be constantly occurring. Having shaken off the trammels of their own municipal law, the Americans are not likely to be squeamish in observing the precepts of international law to a nation which they hate so bitterly as our own. Lord Monck may at any time be called upon to decide, almost on the spur of the moment, that most difficult of all questions—whether a national insult or injury should be noticed or ignored. His Government, at a month's distance, will be too late to undo his acts if he has resented too promptly, or yielded too meanly. We earnestly hope that, in such a predicament, he will make a wise decision; but his training for the position is not re-assuring. A familiarity with the intrigues of the House of Commons is a poor education for the solution of the most delicate problems with which a statesman can have to deal. And it is likely enough that more than a mere statesman's genius will be required. It is far from improbable, whether his policy be wise or foolish, that the duty of defending the colonists from armed aggression will be forced upon him. Any peace that the Americans may conclude must necessarily leave large unemployed armies upon the hands of the Washington Government. They will exhibit a docility very alien to the American character if they submit, at a moment's notice, to turn their swords into plowshares, and to return from a life of martial excitement to the clerk's desk or the backwoodsman's log-hut. Every other civil war that history records has left behind it bands of marauders, which it has required either a foreign war, or the sternest repression of a powerful government, to disperse. In America, foreign war will probably be found the only alternative: and Canada will be the only prey upon which unsatiated heroism can be glutted. It is to the tried genius and the ripe experience of Lord Monck that the Canadians will have look for the defence of a vast frontier and a scanty population from the depredations of all the half-disciplined ruffians whom its poverty will force the Washington Government to disband.

These contingencies must be perfectly familiar to the minds of Lord Palmerston and his Cabinet; and he has appointed to meet them a man whose only political experience lies in the useful art of stimulating lukewarm

senators. Like several other doubtful measures, it has been judiciously postponed till the recess, so that all hope of arresting it has been vain. When the House of Commons meets, it may console itself with the reflection that the evil is past recall. It need not concern itself with a future over which its votes will have no influence. Repeated experience has taught it how illusory is the control which even the Ministers of the Crown can exert over the quarrelsome instincts of these distant pro-consuls. Still more shadowy is the theoretical supervision of the representatives of the people. If any objection were now to be raised to Lord Monck's appointment, the reply would be that it was unfair to prejudge him, or to remove him until he had done something to deserve removal. After a time, the mail may possibly bring news of some terrible blunder—some hasty act of resentment, some indiscreet display of national pride. While the Colonial Minister is in the act of penning a frantic remonstrance, imploring his subordinate to be more pacific, another mail will come in with the intelligence that the plot has thickened rapidly, that blows have been exchanged, that the English flag has been insulted, and that England is irrevocably pledged to war. Some indignant member may perhaps try to draw attention to the governor's misdeeds. But he will be confidently told that it is too late now to inquire into the merits of the quarrel, that it is ungenerous to censure an absent servant of the Crown, and that all Parliament has to do is to vote abundant supplies for "the vigorous and energetic prosecution of the war." All efforts that the House of Commons has made from time to time to control the action or to enforce the responsibility of the distant representatives of the sovereign have ignominiously broken down. It can, if it chooses, insist that these appointments shall not be jobbed away to personal friends, or degraded into a recompense for the humblest political services. But when this opportunity is once let slip, its control is at an end. It must submit to see the ill-temper of a Bowring or the incapacity of a Gore Browne pledging England's honor and mortgaging her industry to the support of unjust and burdensome wars; and it must make up its mind submissively to pay the bill. The House of Commons has learned this lesson often—in China, in Persia, in South Africa, in New Zealand; but as yet, apparently, it has learned in vain. Our good fortune will be better than we deserve if the same lesson is not repeated in far sterner and more terrible tones from the banks of the St. Lawrence.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

It is night; almost morning—the clock has struck three;—  
Who can tell where, this moment, my darling may be!  
On the window has gathered the moisture like dew;  
I can see where the moonbeams steal tremblingly through;  
It is cold, but not windy—how dreary and damp  
It must be for our soldiers, exposed in the camp!  
Though I know it is warmer and balmier there,  
Yet I shrink from the thought of the chilling night air;  
For he never was used to the hardships of men,  
When at home, for I shielded and cherished him then;  
And to all that could tend to his comfort, I saw,  
For he seemed like a child till he went to the war!

He is twenty, I know; and boys younger than he.  
In the ranks, going by, every day we can see;  
And those stronger and prouder, by far, I have met,  
But I never have seen a young soldier, as yet,  
With so gallant a mien, or so lofty a brow—  
How the sun and the wind must have darkened it now!  
How he will have been changed, when he comes from the South!—  
With his beard shutting out the sweet smiles of his mouth;  
And the tremulous beauty, the womanly grace,  
Will be bronzed, from the delicate lines of his face,  
Where, of late, only childhood's soft beauty I saw,  
For he seemed like a child, till he went to the war!

He was always so gentle, and ready to yield—  
And so frank there was nothing kept back or concealed;  
He was always so sparkling with laughter and joy,  
I had thought he could never cease being a boy;  
But when sounded the cannon for battle, and when  
Rose the rallying cry of our Nation for men,  
From the dream-loving mood of his boyhood he passed;  
From his path the light fetters of pleasure he cast;  
And rose, ready to stand in the perilous van,  
Not the tremulous boy, but the resolute man;—  
And I gazed on him sadly, with trembling and awe;  
He was only a child, till he went to the war!

There are homes that are humbler and sadder than ours,  
There are ways that are barer of beauty and flowers;

There are those that must suffer for fire and for bread,  
Living only to sorrow and wish they were dead;  
I must try and be patient—I must not repine—  
But what heart is more lonely, more anxious than mine!  
Or what hearth can be darker than mine seems to be,  
Now the glow of the firelight is all I can see—  
Where my darling in beauty so lately I saw—  
He was only a child till he went to the war!  
—*Transcript.*

[There is so much poetry in these lines, that we cannot pass them by even for such a grave defect as the rhymes in the burden. Rhyme is an inferior matter, it is true; but *saw* rhyming with *war*, makes one think of London cockneys—and of "our Southern brethren," black and white. We may add that the *defect of ear and voice* is so common in this latitude—that it is worth while to add this protest.—*Living Age.*]

THE KNITTING OF THE SOCKS.

THE winter is upon us—we have passed the equinox:  
Call the wives and maids and widows to the Knitting of the Socks!

By the Potomac river the wind is blowing cold;  
The frost-nip rusts the maple, and dims the marigold:

And on Missouri's borders are waving to and fro  
The pine-trees and the dry reeds that beckon to the snow:

And the sea-board is rebounding to the surging of the main,  
As the fog-bells and the light-ships ring and rock in the hurricane.

O! a voice comes through the tempest, ringing clear like a crystal bell—  
"All's well!" adown the wind-gust, from the pacing sentinel:

And in the lull of the night-blast, between the swirls of sleet,  
Comes the "stamp, stamp" of the sentinel, for cold, cold are his feet.

Fifty thousand maids and matrons, and widows a hundred score,  
Up, up! and ply the needles, let our soldiers freeze no more!

And sweet music to your hearts will steal, as each pacing sentinel  
Feels the sentiment he utters in his baritone, "All's well!"

Ho! buxom wife and widow, and maid with the glossy locks,  
Draw round the loyal hearthstone to the Knitting of the Socks!

—*Vanity Fair.*

From The London Review, 2 Nov.

# FRENCH PRINCES AND FRENCH INTRIGUES IN AMERICA.

THE rival houses of Bonaparte and the younger branch of the Bourbons seem each to be playing a game in the politics of North America that it behoves the English people to study. Not that the study will be of vital importance, but simply that it will be interesting to note how the traditions of a remote age mould the events of the present, and in what a far-stretching chain of circumstance the modern world is involved. France gave name to, and at one time possessed, Louisiana and the city at the mouths of the Mississippi, and claimed jurisdiction over the whole breadth of the continent, from New Orleans to the Pacific. She also possessed Canada and the banks of the St. Lawrence, and claimed the shores of the Great Lakes as portions of her dominion, on which she has left traces of her presence to this day, not only in the French population of Lower Canada, but in the names of streams, lakes, towns, and settlements, stretching far away through the wilderness to the Saskatchewan and the Red River. She does not now own an acre upon all that continent, and has lost alike the taste for and the faculty of colonization. But her princes and statesmen have not forgotten by what agencies she was dispossessed of so great an empire; and, for upwards of a hundred years, have not only looked with regret upon the loss of Canada, but, whenever opportunity served, have striven to avenge it upon the power to which it passed on the memorable day when Wolfe sealed his victory with his life upon the heights of Abram.

It was to avenge the brave and unfortunate Montcalm, that France took part against Great Britain in the war of American Independence. It was in consequence of the successful termination of that war and the establishment of the Republic of the United States, under Washington, that the long-laid train of the French Revolution exploded at the time it did. And, at a comparatively recent period, it was the reputation gained by Lafayette in that struggle which, after the three days of July, 1830, enabled him to end in placing Louis Philippe upon the throne as a constitutional sovereign. The influence of his example may be traced in the conduct of the young princes of the exiled house of

Orleans, who have lately taken service under President Lincoln and General McClellan. Whatever may be the future fortunes of France, it is doubtless as evident to them as to the rest of the world, that no mere civilian, no matter what his birth, his genius, or his daring may be, has any chance of attaining supreme power in that country. Hence the Count of Paris and his cousin have determined, as an essential part of their education, to learn the art of war, wherever there is the best chance of studying it upon a great and comprehensive scale. Unable, without wounding the delicate susceptibilities of the house of Bonaparte, to take service in the armies of any European power, and being precluded, for prudential reasons, even if this potent consideration did not exist, from taking arms in support of any European despotism whatever, they have bethought themselves of the example of the godfather of their dynasty, and have betaken themselves to America.

Many in France and elsewhere have applauded them for so doing, and the step they have taken seems to have met with the entire and even enthusiastic concurrence of the sons of Louis Philippe. But with every disposition to make allowance for the impulsive blood of youth, for the love of adventure, and for the personal necessity that lay upon these princes to prepare themselves for all the future contingencies of their own fortune, and the varying politics of their native country, it is difficult to approve of their interference in this quarrel, or to admire the complacency with which the Federal Government has allowed their "Royal Highnesses" to flaunt their titles in the eyes of Republicans, and to perform a duty that would have been much better performed by American citizens. The cause of the North can gain nothing by their advocacy. It did not require their aid, and their presence can lend it no dignity. Garibaldi, were he not required in his native country, might have placed his sword at Mr. Lincoln's disposal with less impropriety, because he is an American citizen by right of residence, and naturalization; and gratitude, if not loyalty, might have inspired his action. But no such pleas can be urged in behalf of the Princes of Orleans. They are, in fact, nothing better than Dalgettys of a high rank—soldiers of fortune—who, if they do not serve for sor-



did pay and promotion, serve for a private purpose, which has nothing to do with the triumph of the cause to which they devote themselves, and which will be equally served, whether that cause fails or prospers.

But the house of Bonaparte is quite as vigilant for its own interests as the house of Orleans. If the latter strive to make "political capital" out of the affairs of the North, the former thinks it can perhaps do a still better stroke of business in the affairs of the South. Before the Princes of Orleans had made themselves apprentices to General McClellan, the emperor of the French had taken care to inform himself of the state of affairs at the two extreme points of Louisiana and Canada, once possessed by France. The South may yet desire a king to reign over it, and as no prince of the royal family of Great Britain is in a position to offer himself for such a prize, a prince of the imperial blood of France may be found ready whenever he is wanted.

Prince Napoleon Jerome, we may well believe, would have no objection to take his chance of so splendid a prize; and we may be sure that his visit to the United States was not undertaken for mere idleness or pleasure, but with a view to contingencies which may seem remote to-day, but may be-

come proximate to-morrow. And as the North, deprived of the South, may seek a field for extension and development in British America, the emperor, not forgetful of the conquest of Canada, has turned his eyes in that direction. He probably fancies that Anglo-American Canada might, under certain circumstances, absorb or be absorbed by the New England or North Eastern States, and that French Canada might object to the arrangement, and yearn for a re-annexation to that mother-land which has never ceased to remember her with maternal affection. At all events, the emperor has prepared himself; and a French agent, not required by any international or commercial necessity, has been appointed, with a large salary, to reside at Quebec, and to keep his eyes open and his pen ready in the service of the emperor. Yet, all things considered, we are of opinion that neither the Princes of Orleans, nor the astuter and more powerful emperor of the French, will gain anything by their manœuvres, open or occult, in the affairs of America. The young princes will gain experience without credit; and the emperor will gain experience without discredit; and this is all the difference we can at present perceive between them.

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**THE MINNOW TRAP.**—There is not much to be said of a simple little apparatus of this sort, but what is to be said is important. You may catch as much bait this way in thirty minutes as you could with a net in six hours; and catching his bait is one of the fisherman's troubles. Mr. Moore has invented a glass jar which will save him all bother in this respect. He has only got to drop it, with a few crumbs or any other bait inside, and minnows and gudgeons will paddle through the large ends of the cones and will not find their way out again through small ones. The glass jars are in principle very like the lobster net. Some are made double, with a trap entrance at both ends; some single, with an inlet at only one end. The former are suited for quiet ponds, as giving a double chance of catching the bait; the latter for swift streams and mill-boards, where one at each end would be useless, as it is a constant habit of fish to swim against the current.

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**THE HISTORY OF HAIL COLUMBIA.**—In the summer of 1793 a young man, connected with the theatre at Philadelphia as a singer, was about to receive a benefit on a certain Monday

evening. On the Saturday afternoon previous he called on Joseph Hopkinson, a rising young lawyer twenty-eight years of age, with whom he had gone to school when both were boys. The actor said he had but twenty boxes taken, and his "benefit" would be a loss unless he could get a patriotic song written to the "President's March," then a popular air. The poets of the theatrical corps had tried their hand, but were satisfied that no words could be made to suit that air. Hopkinson promised to make the attempt. At that time there was a great discussion in the country as to the policy of America joining either France or England in the war then waged between those two nations, and party spirit ran very high. Hopkinson endeavored to write a song that should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for American honor and rights. He wrote *Hail Columbia*. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued during the season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress, and has now become a national song.

## DEUS EVERSOR!

*"God Shall Overturn."*

DEUS EVERSOR! "Amen, it was well!"

We say, and, looking back,  
See the crushed ruins of the powers that were  
Lie strewn along Time's track.

The ruins and the wrecks of pomp and power,  
The glories of the past,  
The tyrannies upbuilt on the wrong,  
The giant shadows cast.

Across the gateway of Eternal Truth,  
The Babels reared on high,  
The manacles for Freedom, and the laws  
That mocked at equity.

Deus eversor! thundered down the word,  
And swept the pathway clear,  
Nor stayed for Roman power, or Grecian fame,  
For courage or for fear.

Deus eversor! "God, so let it be!"  
But now we pray it low,  
And hold our breath the while, with shrinking  
dread,  
Before prophetic woe—

The devastation, earthquake, ruin, blood,  
That prophecy must bring,  
Ere earth is ready, in humility,  
To throne her coming King.

It needs a firm step on the vantage ground  
Of calm and steady faith,  
Ere we, with steady hearts, can echo back  
The words the prophet saith;

Ere we can see the nations fall and rise;  
Friends on the battle-field,  
The firm supports of government and law  
To treacherous ruin yield,

And sing, "Amen! amen! So let it be!"  
Nor lips or hearts complain;  
Deus eversor, till the right shall win,  
The Lord of freedom reign.

*—Anti-Slavery Standard.*

## IN MEMORY OF EDWARD D. BAKER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Oh, fallen hero, noble friend,  
'Tis not the friend I mourn in thee,  
Though called, in mid-career, to end  
Thy shining course of victory.

I dare not grieve, for friendship's sake,  
To know thy soldier's knell is rung—  
That shame or glory ne'er shall wake  
The silver trumpet of thy tongue.

That dim the eye whose lightning seared  
The traitor, through his brazen mail:  
That lips, whose smile of sweetness cheered  
Our darkest day, are cold and pale.

No selfish sorrow fits thee now,  
And we who loved thee stand aside  
While she, our Mother veils her brow,  
And in her grief forgets her pride.

When half the stars of honor fade  
That gemmed her banner's morning sky,  
She sees them triumph, who betrayed,  
And he, her truest chieftain, die!

When low ambition rules the land,  
And patriots play the trader's part,  
We ill can spare his open hand,  
We ill can spare his honest heart.

When timid lips proclaim their doubt,  
To chill the ardor of the brave,  
We miss his dauntless battle-shout,  
That never truce to treason gave.

When Freedom's base apostles preach  
Dishonor in the sacred name  
Of Peace, his grand, indignant speech  
No more shall smite the cowering shame?

God! thou hast sheathed the sword he drew;  
We bow before thy dark decree:  
But give the arms that build anew  
Our Nation's temple, strength from thee!

## KNITTING SOCKS FOR OUR BOYS.

AWAY with the "Shetland" that busied our  
hands

Last year, when the autumn the forests was  
dyeing!

Away with the "zephyrs" too bright and too  
soft

For our brave-hearted boys to the battle-field  
flying!

The knitting our grandmothers taught us to  
do,

With fingers as patient as ours were un-  
steady,

The coarse, homely work, long neglected, ig-  
nored,

Now rallies our efforts, and finds us all  
ready!

All ready! "All forward!" Come swell the  
fair ranks;

Dear girls, we are knitting the Union to-  
gether!

There's enough of stanch timber about the old  
ship;

We have made up our minds the storm to  
outweather.

*—Independent.*







# 1862. THE NEW YORK OBSERVER. 1862.

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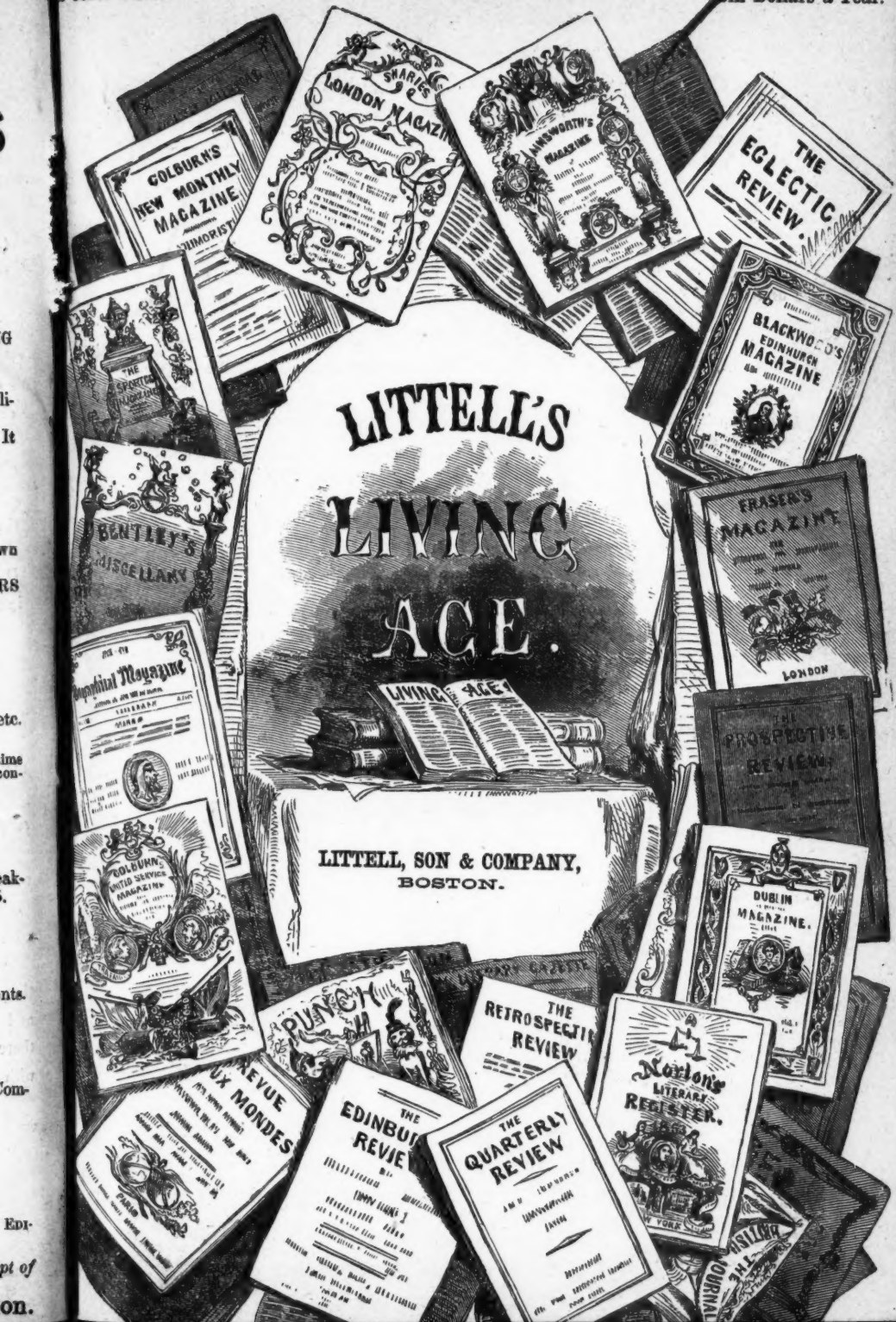
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